DARK CYBERTRON

THE TRANSFORMERS VOLUME 2

THE TRANSFORMERS
DARK CYBERTRON
VOLUME 2

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PREVIOUSLY

ON CYBERTRON, FOLLOWING AN UNSUCCESSFUL ATTACK BY AUTOBOT AND DECEPTICON FORCES...
...SHOCKWAVE SENDS HIS UNDEAD NECROTITAN TO DESTROY THE CITY OF IACON.

IN THE NIGHTMARISH DEAD UNIVERSE, A GROUP LED BY ORION PAX AND RODIMUS IS CAPTURED BY THEIR OLD FRIEND, NIGHTBEAT—
—NOW AN AGENT OF SHOCKWAVE'S CO-CONSPIRATOR, NOVA PRIME.

KILLING THE ESCAPING HARDHEAD, NOVA REVEALS HE HAS ANOTHER PRISONER...
...ONE WHO WILL SERVE AS A SPACE BRIDGE ALLOWING NOVA'S ESCAPE FROM THIS COLLAPSING REALITY.

ON AN UNKNOWN WORLD IN DEEP SPACE, THE CREW OF THE LOST LIGHT BATTLES AN ALIEN ARMY!
DOUBLE BACK AND PROTECT THE SHIP. THE MINICONS ARE CONCENTRATING THEIR FIRE ON THE ROOF.

THEY FIND A LONG-LOST AUTOBOT HERO— SILENT AND UNMOVING!
...WE'VE JUST FOUND METROPLEX.

INSIDE THE TITAN, ULTRA MAGNUS AND COMPANY FIND A SPY FOLLOWING THEM...
WHAT'S HE GOT IN HIS HAND? IT'S HOOKED UP TO THE RODPOD...
IT LOOKS LIKE SOME KIND OF—
IT'S A DETONATOR!

AND ARE CONSUMED BY A POWERFUL EXPLOSION!

CHAPTER 7

Art by: JAMES RAIZ, ATILIO ROJO, and LIVIO RAMONDELLI • Colors by: JOSH PEREZ and LIVIO RAMONDELLI
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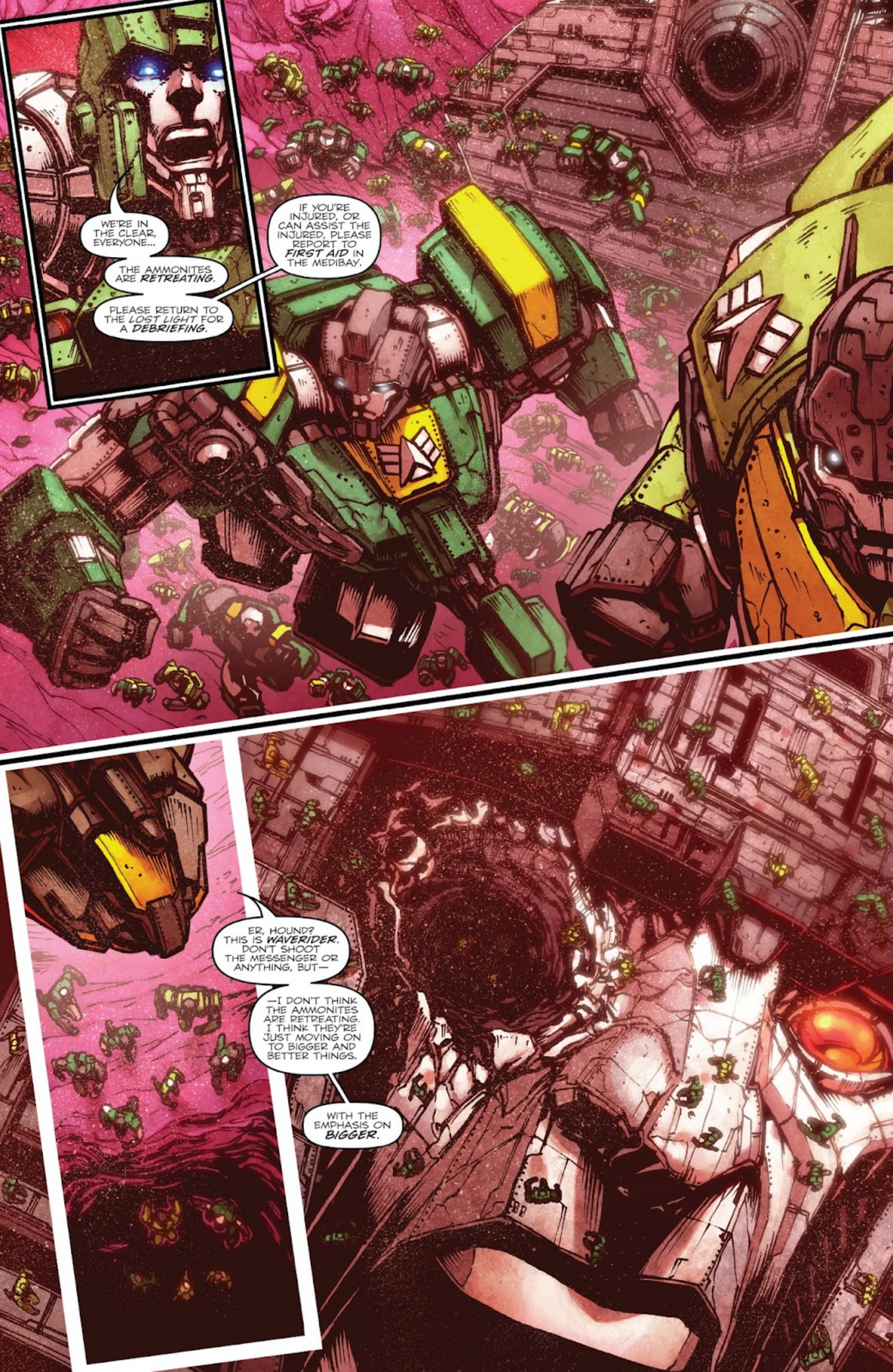
Cover by: CASEY W. COLLER • Colors by: JOANA LAFUENTE

THE LOST LIGHT.
UNDERWATER ON AN UNKNOWN WORLD.
AUTOBOTS VERSUS AMMONITES.
ACTING FIELD COMMANDER HOUND.
HOLD YOUR GROUND, AUTOBOTS! DON'T LET THEM INTO THE SHIP!
AND REMEMBER—THEY'RE COMBINERS! BEST TO BREAK THEM APART AND PICK THEM OFF INDIVIDUALLY!
HOLD ON, CROSSCUT! I'M COMING!
SHUNK
THANKS FOR THE SAVE, ER—
SORRY. I DON'T KNOW YOUR NAME.
SERIOUSLY?
OH! IS IT RUNG?
CHOOM

SWERVE. IT'S SWERVE.
I KNOW WHO YOU ARE. EVERYONE KNOWS WHO YOU ARE.
CROSSCUT: THE SENATOR WHO TOOK A STAND. THE REFORMER WHO LIBERATED PETREX WITH WISE WORDS AND A SHOVEL.
THAT'S MY WARTIME REPUTATION.
I'D RATHER BE REMEMBERED FOR MY ART.
YOU SHOULD COME DOWN TO THE REC DECK SOMETIME, SEE ONE OF MY PLAYS.
ASSUMING WE SURVIVE, OF COURSE.
SORRY, BUT HOW CAN YOU NOT KNOW WHO I AM?
I'VE GOT A BAR! IT'S CALLED "SWERVE'S"!
"E" APOSTROPHE "S"!
"BELONGING TO"!
I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS CALLED—
I'M FAMOUS! BY LOST LIGHT STANDARDS, I'M FAMOUS! I'M ONE OF THE—
BOOM
—MAIN GUYS.
YOUR COMMUNICATOR'S FLASHING. MISSED CALL.
GO AHEAD. DON'T MIND ME.
MESSAGE FROM GETAWAY. I'LL RING BACK WHEN WE—
OH.
DID WE JUST WIN?


WE'RE IN THE CLEAR, EVERYONE...
THE AMMONITES ARE *RETREATING*.
PLEASE RETURN TO THE *LOST LIGHT* FOR A *DEBRIEFING*.
IF YOU'RE INJURED, OR CAN ASSIST THE INJURED, PLEASE REPORT TO *FIRST AID* IN THE MEDIBAY.
ER, HOUND? THIS IS *WAVERIDER*. DON'T SHOOT THE MESSENGER OR ANYTHING, BUT—
—I DON'T THINK THE AMMONITES ARE RETREATING. I THINK THEY'RE JUST MOVING ON TO BIGGER AND BETTER THINGS.
WITH THE EMPHASIS ON *BIGGER*.

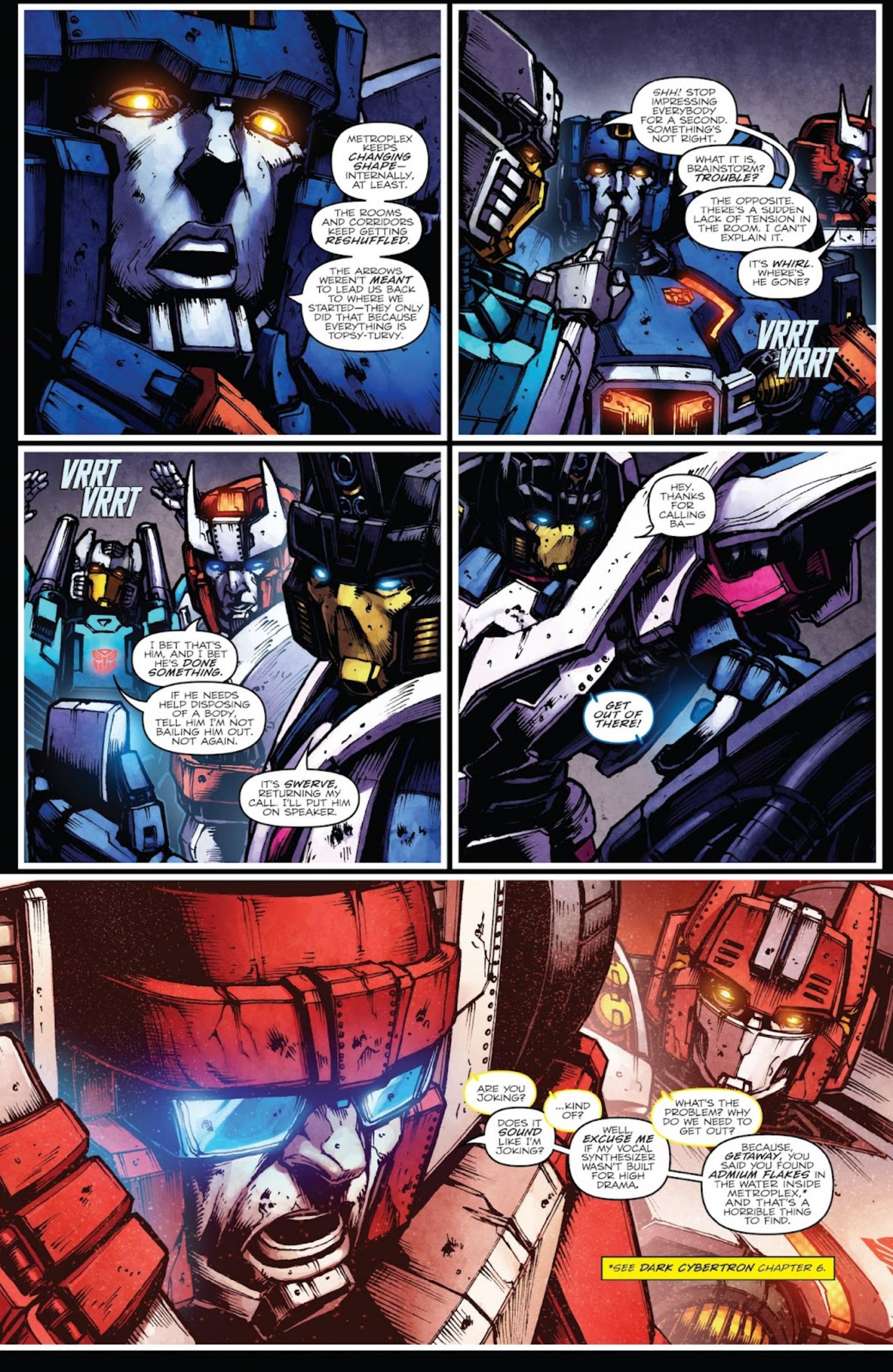
INSIDE METROPLEX.
WHAT HAPPENED? WE SHOULD BE DEAD. THE RODPOD WAS ABOUT TO EXPLODE.
IT DID EXPLODE, MAGNUS. WE ALL HEARD IT.
THERE YOU GO, THEN. WE SHOULD BE DEAD.

YES, BUT LOOK AROUND YOU. THIS ISN'T THE DRY DOCK WE WERE STANDING IN A MOMENT AGO—IT'S BEEN REARRANGED.
THE ROOM DID JUST TURN UPSIDE DOWN, PERCEPTOR—BUT I PUT THAT DOWN TO THE EXPLOSION.

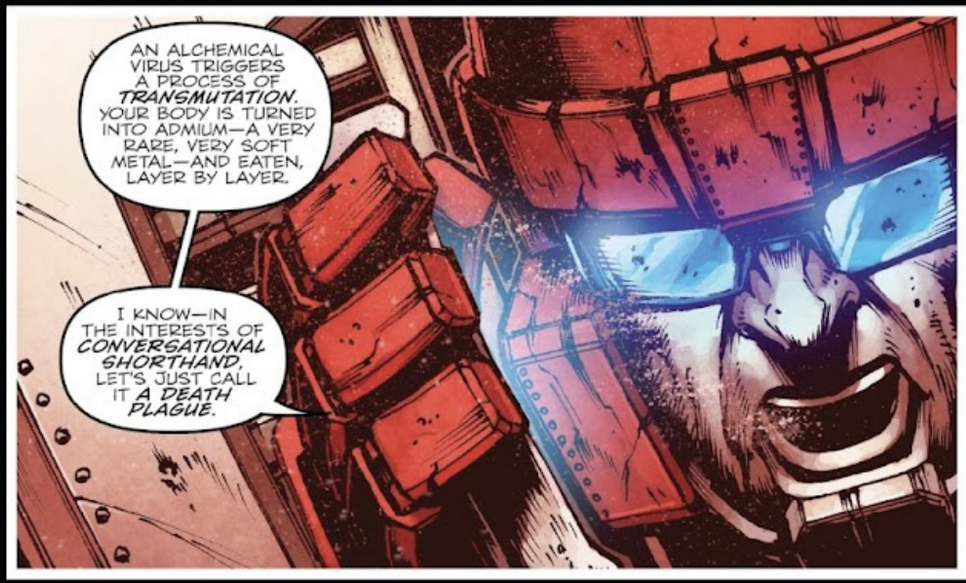
I'LL BET THE RODPOD—WHAT'S LEFT OF IT—IS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS WALL.
A WALL THAT WASN'T HERE THIRTY SECONDS AGO... A WALL THAT SHIELDED US FROM THE EXPLOSION.

THAT EXPLAINS ALL THE ARROWS.
OF COURSE!

I SAID "OF COURSE" TOO QUICKLY.
PLEASE—EXPLAIN THE ARROWS, SKIDS.


METROPLEX KEEPS CHANGING SHAPE—INTERNALLY, AT LEAST.
THE ROOMS AND CORRIDORS KEEP GETTING RESHUFFLED.
THE ARROWS WEREN'T MEANT TO LEAD US BACK TO WHERE WE STARTED—THEY ONLY DID THAT BECAUSE EVERYTHING IS TOPSY-TURVY.
SHH! STOP IMPRESSING EVERYBODY FOR A SECOND. SOMETHING'S NOT RIGHT.
WHAT IT IS, BRAINSTORM? TROUBLE?
THE OPPOSITE. THERE'S A SUDDEN LACK OF TENSION IN THE ROOM. I CAN'T EXPLAIN IT.
IT'S WHIRL. WHERE'S HE GONE?
VRRT VRRT
VRRT VRRT
I BET THAT'S HIM, AND I BET HE'S DONE SOMETHING.
IF HE NEEDS HELP DISPOSING OF A BODY, TELL HIM I'M NOT BAILING HIM OUT. NOT AGAIN.
IT'S SWERVE, RETURNING MY CALL. I'LL PUT HIM ON SPEAKER.
HEY. THANKS FOR CALLING BA—
GET OUT OF THERE!
ARE YOU JOKING?
DOES IT SOUND LIKE I'M JOKING?
...KIND OF?
WELL, EXCUSE ME IF MY VOCAL SYNTHESIZER WASN'T BUILT FOR HIGH DRAMA.
WHAT'S THE PROBLEM? WHY DO WE NEED TO GET OUT?
BECAUSE, GETAWAY, YOU SAID YOU FOUND ADMIUM FLAKES IN THE WATER INSIDE METROPLEX,* AND THAT'S A HORRIBLE THING TO FIND.
*SEE DARK CYBERTRON CHAPTER 6.

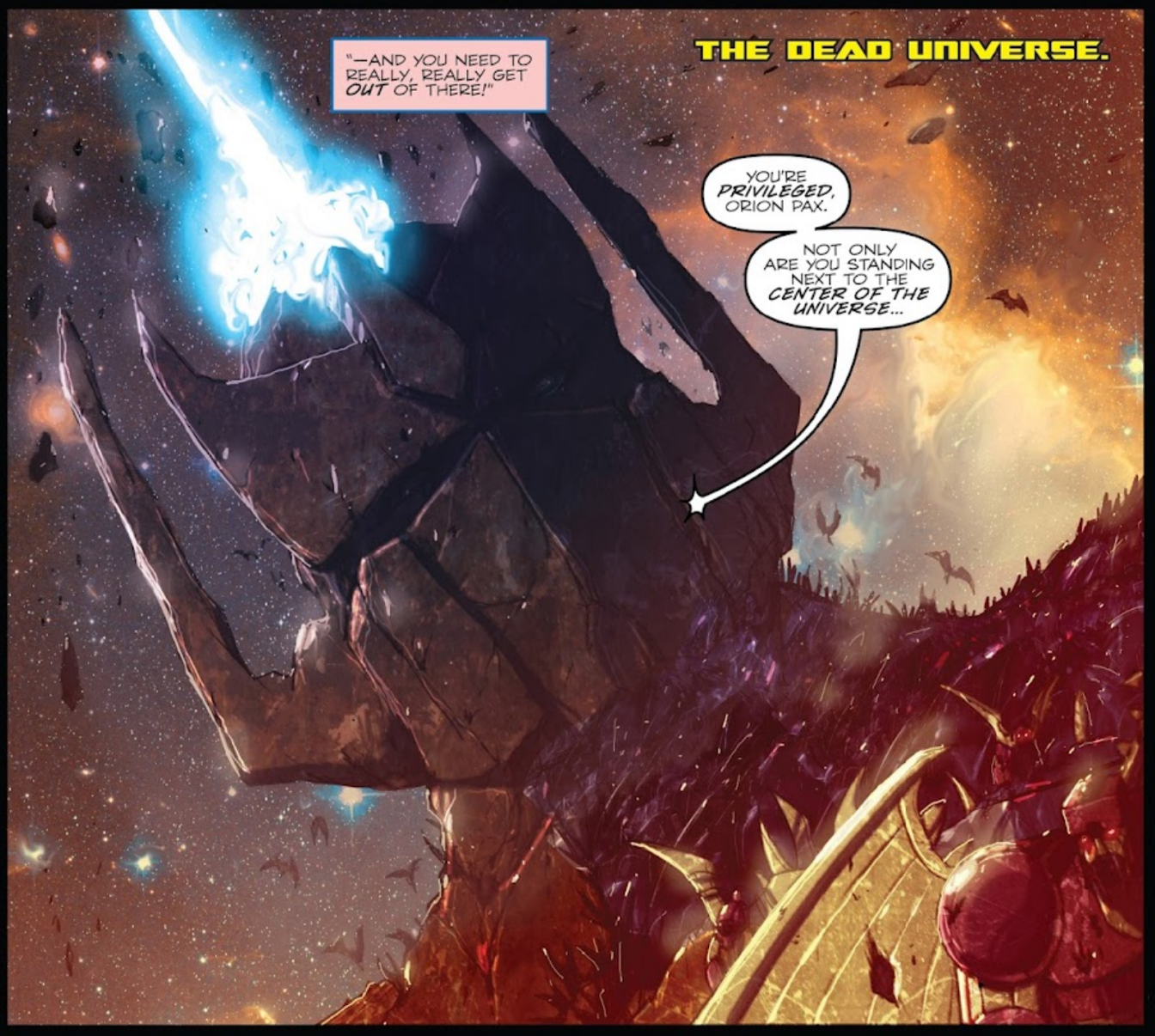
HORRIBLE BECAUSE...?
BECAUSE IT MEANS THAT METROPLEX HAS CONTRACTED SOMETHING THE METALLURGIST COMMUNITY CALLS AN ALCHEMICAL VIRUS.
SORRY, BUDDY— EVEN RATCHET'S LOOKING BLANK AT THAT ONE.


AN ALCHEMICAL VIRUS TRIGGERS A PROCESS OF TRANSMUTATION. YOUR BODY IS TURNED INTO ADMIUM—A VERY RARE, VERY SOFT METAL—AND EATEN, LAYER BY LAYER.
I KNOW—IN THE INTERESTS OF CONVERSATIONAL SHORTHAND, LET'S JUST CALL IT A DEATH PLAGUE.

DEATH PLAGUES ARE CONTAGIOUS, BUT IF YOU'RE LUCKY, YOU—
WAITASEC, CROSSCUT'S JUST TELLING ME THAT—
—YEP. UH-HUH. OKAY.
SWERVE?
CHANGE OF PLAN: GET OUT OF THERE!

BUT— THAT'S THE SAME PLAN AS BEFORE!
THAT WAS A DIFFERENT GET OUT OF THERE!
THAT WAS WHEN YOU WERE GOING TO BE INFECTED BY THE DEATH PLAGUE!
AND NOW?

"NOW YOU'VE GOT TWO THOUSAND MINICONS HEADING YOUR WAY—


"—AND YOU NEED TO REALLY, REALLY GET *OUT* OF THERE!"
THE DEAD UNIVERSE.
YOU'RE *PRIVILEGED*, ORION PAX.
NOT ONLY ARE YOU STANDING NEXT TO THE *CENTER OF THE UNIVERSE*...

...BUT HE APPEARS TO *RECOGNIZE YOU.*
PUH-PUH-PUH—
PAX, OLD FRIEND. *ORION PAX.*
I'M HERE.

HIS NAME IS *KUP*, AND HE'S VERY IMPORTANT TO ME.
HE PROTECTED EARTH FROM A DEADLY *INFESTATION*—
—AND WAS SUCKED INTO THE DEAD UNIVERSE AS A CONSEQUENCE.* SO WHATEVER YOU'VE DONE TO HIM, I'M *ORDERING* YOU TO *UNDO* IT.
I'VE MERELY SLICED HIM OPEN, LIT THE FIRE WITHIN, AND *FANNED THE FLAMES.*
*SEE *INFESTATION: TRANSFORMERS.*

THE THING IS, NOVA, HERE YOU ARE TALKING THE TALK—
—AND I'M STANDING HERE, LOOKING AT YOU AND NIGHTBEAT, AND ALL I CAN THINK IS, "THREE OF US, TWO OF YOU..."
WHY DON'T WE JUST TAKE KUP AND RUN?
OH, RODIMUS. THERE ARE THREE REASONS WHY THAT WOULD BE MANIFESTLY FOOLISH.
FIRSTLY, IT'S NOT JUST ME AND MY PUPPET. I HAVE AN ARMY.
THE ARMY OUTSIDE? THE ZOMBIE ARMY?
THE SCRAPINGS LEFT OVER FROM THE TIME GALVATRON ATTACKED CYBERTRON?
THEY'RE SLOW, NOVA. EASY TO OUTPACE.
SECONDLY, I CONTROL THIS UNIVERSE. I CAN BEND IT TO MY WILL.
OH, REALLY?
"BECAUSE I'VE NOT SEEN YOU DO MUCH BEYOND DRAGGING US HERE IN A CONTAINMENT CUBE."
AND THIRDLY: KUP IS BEYOND HELP. IF YOU SO MUCH AS NUDGE HIM, HE'LL DIE.
AND AS MUCH AS I WANT TO USE HIM, I'M NOT ABOVE KILLING HIM JUST TO SEE THE LOOK ON YOUR FACE.
NIGHTBEAT— ROUND UP SOME EXTRA MUSCLE AND ESCORT OUR GUESTS TO THEIR CELL.
I'LL BE ALONG SHORTLY...

"...TO TAKE WHAT I NEED."
WE SHOULD BE PURSUING THEM!
THE CRYSTAL CITY. CYBERTRON.
STEADY YOURSELF, GALVATRON. YOU ALREADY TRY MY PATIENCE.
IT MATTERS NOT WHO ESCAPED THE DARK TITAN.
"MATTERS NOT"...?
THEY TRIED TO STOP US FROM RECLAIMING CYBERTRON! FROM BUILDING A NEW EMPIRE ACROSS THE GALAXY!
THEY RUN LIKE... LIKE COWARDS. IF THEY BELIEVED IN THEIR CAUSE THEY WOULD HAVE STOOD AND DIED FOR IT!
IN MY TIME, BEING A WARRIOR MEANT SOMETHING.
HOW DO YOU STAND IT, SHOCKWAVE?
THIS PLANET, AND THE COWARDS WHO LIVE HERE.
I AM A SCIENTIST, NOT A WARRIOR. I SUPPOSE OTHER PRINCIPLES GOVERN MY ACTIONS.
HMPF. A WORLD RULED BY SCIENTISTS...

GALVATRON... IT IS GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN.
I DOUBT THAT VERY MUCH, JHIAXUS.
LORD NOVA PRIME, WHERE IS HE—?
IN WHAT MUST BE ATTRIBUTABLE TO MERE CHANCE, GALVATRON ALONE EMERGED FROM THE DEAD UNIVERSE.
HE THEN SAW FIT TO TEAR HIS PORTAL IN TWO.
I WAS TOLD THIS LOW-BORN-THUG-TURNED-FAILED-REVOLUTIONARY POSED A THREAT.

NO MATTER. WASPINATOR— RETURN MEGATRON'S BODY TO MY CHAMBER.
BUT MAZZTER... THE CRYZZTALZZ...
...THE REZZURRECTION CRYZZTALZZ ZZTOPED WORKING.
THE TITAN'S DESTRUCTION OF MY RESURRECTION ORE IS A COMPLEX MATTER
WE ARE FAR FROM THE ENDGAME.
MOVE QUICKLY. JHIAXUS AND I HAVE... TOPICS TO DISCUSS.
I SHALL CARRY HIM.
ER... WASPINATOR DOEZZN'T WISH TO OVERZZTEP HIZZ BOUNDZZ, BUT...
...WHY?
BECAUSE I DON'T TRUST YOUR GENERATION.
AH, YEZZ...
AND I'D LIKE TO KEEP ONE THING I DON'T TRUST CLOSE BY...

"...FOR SAFEKEEPING."
TIMES LIKE THIS, I WISH GETAWAY WAS HERE...
NOVA SAID HE WAS GOING TO TAKE SOMETHING FROM US.
WHAT IS IT, NIGHTBEAT? WHAT'S HE GOING TO TAKE?
YOUR SPARKS.
WHY DO YOU THINK YOU WERE LURED HERE?
NOVA'S BEEN TRYING TO TURN KUP INTO A STEPPING STONE BETWEEN THE DEAD UNIVERSE AND YOUR OWN FOR YEARS.
BUT KUP'S TOO OLD TO TAKE THE STRAIN. THE BRIDGE KEEPS COLLAPSING.
BY USING YOUR SPARKS TO AUGMENT KUP'S, NOVA CAN MAKE A BRIDGE STRONG ENOUGH TO CARRY HIS WEIGHT—AND ESCAPE THIS UNIVERSE BEFORE IT COLLAPSES.
NOVA SAID IF WE TRIED TO FREE KUP HE'D DIE. IS THAT TRUE?
I—
NO.
ENOUGH QUESTIONS. YOU SEEM TO THINK I HAVE SOME SYMPATHY FOR YOUR SITUATION. I DON'T.
LOOK, NIGHTBEAT. LOOK AT MY HAND.
LOOK AT IT.
NO...
URGHH...
WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO HIM, RODIMUS?
MAKING HIM THINK, CYCLONUS.
TO BRAINWASH HIM, NOVA HAD TO SUPPRESS NIGHTBEAT'S TRUE NATURE.
THAT'S HOW MIND CONTROL WORKS—IT'S SHADOWPLAY 101.
NIGHTBEAT LOVES MYSTERY. WHEN HE LOOKS AT MY HAND HE FEELS THE URGE TO EXPLAIN IT—WHICH MEANS HIM USING A PART OF HIS BRAIN THAT SHOULD BE OFF-LIMITS.
I THINK YOU'RE REACHING.

AM I? 'COS YOU KNOW WHEN NIGHTBEAT SOUNDED MOST LIKE HIMSELF...?
WHEN HE WAS TELLING US ABOUT YOU.
AND THAT'S WHEN HE HAD TO USE—REALLY USE—HIS POWERS OF DEDUCTION.
YOU'RE MAKING SOME PRETTY WILD DEDUCTIONS YOURSELF...
BUT HE'S RIGHT...
...I WANT TO HELP YOU. I WANT TO SHUT DOWN THESE BARS AND LET YOU GO.
BUT THE ONLY WAY—URGH! I CAN BREAK NOVA'S HOLD OVER ME—PROPERLY AND FOREVER—IS IF SOMETHING TESTS ME MENTALLY.
IN THAT CASE, COME CLOSER...
...AND EXPLAIN THIS.
I CAN'T. I—THERE ARE TOO MANY POSSIBILITIES. I DON'T KNOW WHERE TO START!
START WITH ME. YOU KNOW ME. YOU KNOW WHAT I'M LIKE.
AND ANYWAY, I'M GONNA LET YOU ASK ME A QUESTION. ONE QUESTION, NIGHTBEAT—SO MAKE IT COUNT.
WHO—
NO.
WHY DID YOU—?
HMM.
NO.
HUH.
STUPID.
YOU'RE THE CAPTAIN OF A STARSHIP.
IN TERMS OF ACTIVE CREWMEMBERS—
—YOU KNOW, PEOPLE WHO ARE UP AND ABOUT—
—HOW MANY DO YOU HAVE ON BOARD?

ONE HUNDRED AND NINETY.
AND WELL DONE.
COME ON.
LET'S GO GET KUP.
WELCOME BACK, NIGHTBEAT.
I'M NOT ENTIRELY SURE WHAT JUST HAPPENED.
NIGHTBEAT SOLVED THE MYSTERY AND SMASHED NOVA'S MIND CONTROL!
YES, BUT "190"? I DON'T SEE THE RELEVANCE.
YEAH, AND THAT'S MY FAULT.
ORION, THERE'S SOMETHING IVE BEEN HIDING FROM YOU, AND...

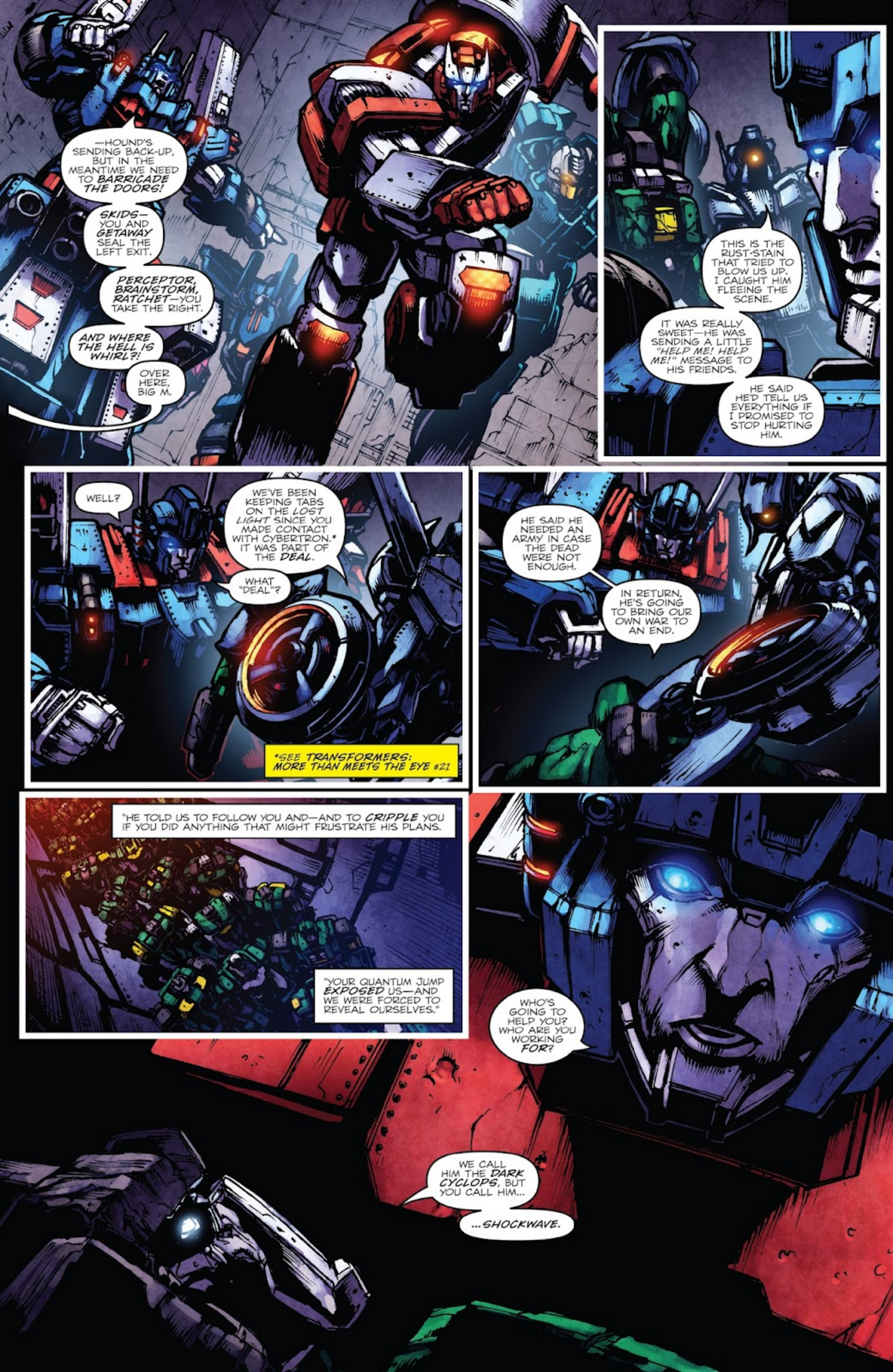
"...AND I THINK IT'S TIME I CAME CLEAN."
MOVE, INSECT.
I DARE NOT LEAVE SHOCKWAVE AND JHIAXUS ALONE FOR LONG.
YOU DON'T TRUZZT WASPINATOR, YOU DON'T TRUZZT MAZZTER ZZHOCKWAVE...
...DOEZZ YOU TRUZZT ANYONE...?
YOU CAN TRUST MY BLASTER, BIG GUY.
I CAME HERE TO GET MEGATRON, AND I'M SICK OF NOT GETTING WHAT I WANT.
GIVE HIM TO ME...
...AND GET THE HELL OUT OF MY WAY.
HAHAHA
TINY GOLDEN AUTOBOT...
SKROWK
...THIS ERA OF YOURS NEVER FAILS TO AMUSE ME!
YEAH? WELL, LET ME GET TO THE PUNCHLINE.
CHAKK CHAKK CHAKK

PING
PING
PANG
YOU SPEAK BOASTFULLY, BUT IN TRUTH—
—AN EASY LIFE HAS MADE YOUR METAL SOFT.
AHHH!
KRAKKOH
HOW MANY MILLIONS OF YEARS HAVE YOU FOUGHT?
SKUNK
FOUR?
THAT IS BUT A SKIRMISH IN THE EYES OF GALVATRON.
AND THE FRAIL QUALITY OF YOUR ENEMIES.
YOUR MEGATRON—
—HE FELL APART AT MY MEREST TOUCH. DO YOU THINK YOU'LL FARE AS WELL AS—
—HE...
WHERE—?!

HERE.
FOOM
FOOM
FOOM
WE'D BEST HURRY. I HAVE A FEELING THAT WON'T BE KEEPING HIM DOWN FOR LONG.
MEGATRON... HOW...
THIS SCRATCH?
I'VE HAD WORSE.
NOW, GRAB MY LEGS, BUMBLEBEE...

"...MY WORLD NEEDS US."
HMM...
YOU'RE ENJOYING THIS?
YOU LIKE SEEING CYBERTRON BURN?
NO, BUMBLEBEE. DESPITE WHAT YOU MAY BELIEVE, I DO NOT ENJOY WITNESSING MY PEOPLE SUFFER.
BUT THERE IS ONE PERSON IN PARTICULAR...

"...WHOSE SUFFERING FILLS MY SPARK WITH JOY."
STARSCREAM...
...YOU ALLOWED THIS TO HAPPEN.
WELL, YOU KNOW HOW IT GOES, SCOOP—
—I ALWAYS WANTED TO REMAKE CYBERTRON IN MY IMAGE.
SHUT UP, STARSCREAM— I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT YOUR AMBITION.
THAT'S NOT WHAT THIS IS ABOUT.
THIS IS ABOUT FAITH.
A FAITH IN OUR FUTURE THAT YOU BETRAYED—
—FOR YOUR OWN GAIN, YOU BETRAYED IT!
YOU BETRAYED CYBERTRON!
YOU WERE CHOSEN TO LEAD US!
INSTEAD YOU ALLOWED THE DARK PROPHECY TO BECOME MORE THAN A STORY— MORE THAN A WARNING.
BECAUSE IT SERVED YOUR PURPOSES...
...YOU GAVE YESTERDAY THE POWER TO BURN TOMORROW TO THE GROUND.
"OKAY, LOOKS LIKE THE BATTLE'S COMING TO US—"


—HOUND'S SENDING BACK-UP, BUT IN THE MEANTIME WE NEED TO BARRICADE THE DOORS!
SKIDS—YOU AND GETAWAY SEAL THE LEFT EXIT.
PERCEPTOR, BRAINSTORM, RATCHET—YOU TAKE THE RIGHT.
AND WHERE THE HELL IS WHIRL?!
OVER HERE, BIG M.
THIS IS THE RUST-STAIN THAT TRIED TO BLOW US UP. I CAUGHT HIM FLEEING THE SCENE.
IT WAS REALLY SWEET—HE WAS SENDING A LITTLE "HELP ME! HELP ME!" MESSAGE TO HIS FRIENDS.
HE SAID HE'D TELL US EVERYTHING IF I PROMISED TO STOP HURTING HIM.
WELL?
WE'VE BEEN KEEPING TABS ON THE LOST LIGHT SINCE YOU MADE CONTACT WITH CYBERTRON.* IT WAS PART OF THE DEAL.
WHAT "DEAL"?
*SEE TRANSFORMERS: MORE THAN MEETS THE EYE #21
HE SAID HE NEEDED AN ARMY IN CASE THE DEAD WERE NOT ENOUGH.
IN RETURN, HE'S GOING TO BRING OUR OWN WAR TO AN END.
"HE TOLD US TO FOLLOW YOU AND—AND TO CRIPPLE YOU IF YOU DID ANYTHING THAT MIGHT FRUSTRATE HIS PLANS.
"YOUR QUANTUM JUMP EXPOSED US—AND WE WERE FORCED TO REVEAL OURSELVES."
WHO'S GOING TO HELP YOU? WHO ARE YOU WORKING FOR?
WE CALL HIM THE DARK CYCLOPS, BUT YOU CALL HIM...
...SHOCKWAVE.

KRA
KOOM

SELF-DESTRUCT?
INVOLUNTARY SELF-DESTRUCT. IF IT WAS VOLUNTARY, HE'D HAVE DONE IT 10 MINUTES AGO. TRUST ME.
I'D BET PERCEPTOR'S EYE PATCH THAT IT WAS TRIGGERED BY CERTAIN WORDS—INCRIMINATING WORDS.

"IF THE DEAD ARE NOT ENOUGH." WHAT DID HE MEAN BY THAT?
THE DEAD UNIVERSE? THE ANOMALY ON CYBERTRON?
SHOCKWAVE'S BEHIND ALL OF THIS. WE'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO CYBERTRON AND HELP THE—

THUNK
WHAT IN THE BLUE BLAZES?

ALRIGHTY, THEN—
—STAND STILL, FACE FRONT, HANDS ON HEADS, NOSES WHERE I CAN SEE 'EM.
IF ANY OF YOU SPEAK, SHRUG, OR SNIFF IN A WAY THAT SAYS "HAVE-A-GO-HERO," I WILL—
—I WILL...

...HELP ME OUT— I HAVEN'T THREATENED ANYONE IN YEARS.
THAT'S WHY WE AGREED TO LEAVE THE TOUGH TALK TO ME...
I KNOW, BUT I WAS FIRST TO HIT THE GROUND! I HAD TO SAY SOMETHING, CHROMIA!
TELL YOU WHAT—
—JUST IGNORE WHAT NAUTICA'S SAYING—
—AND IMAGINE WHAT HER WRENCH WILL DO TO YOUR FACE IF YOU DON'T SURRENDER IMMEDIATELY.
THE DEAD ARE NOT ENOUGH

Cover by: PHIL JIMENEZ • Colors by: ROMULO FAJARDO, JR.

CHAPTER 8

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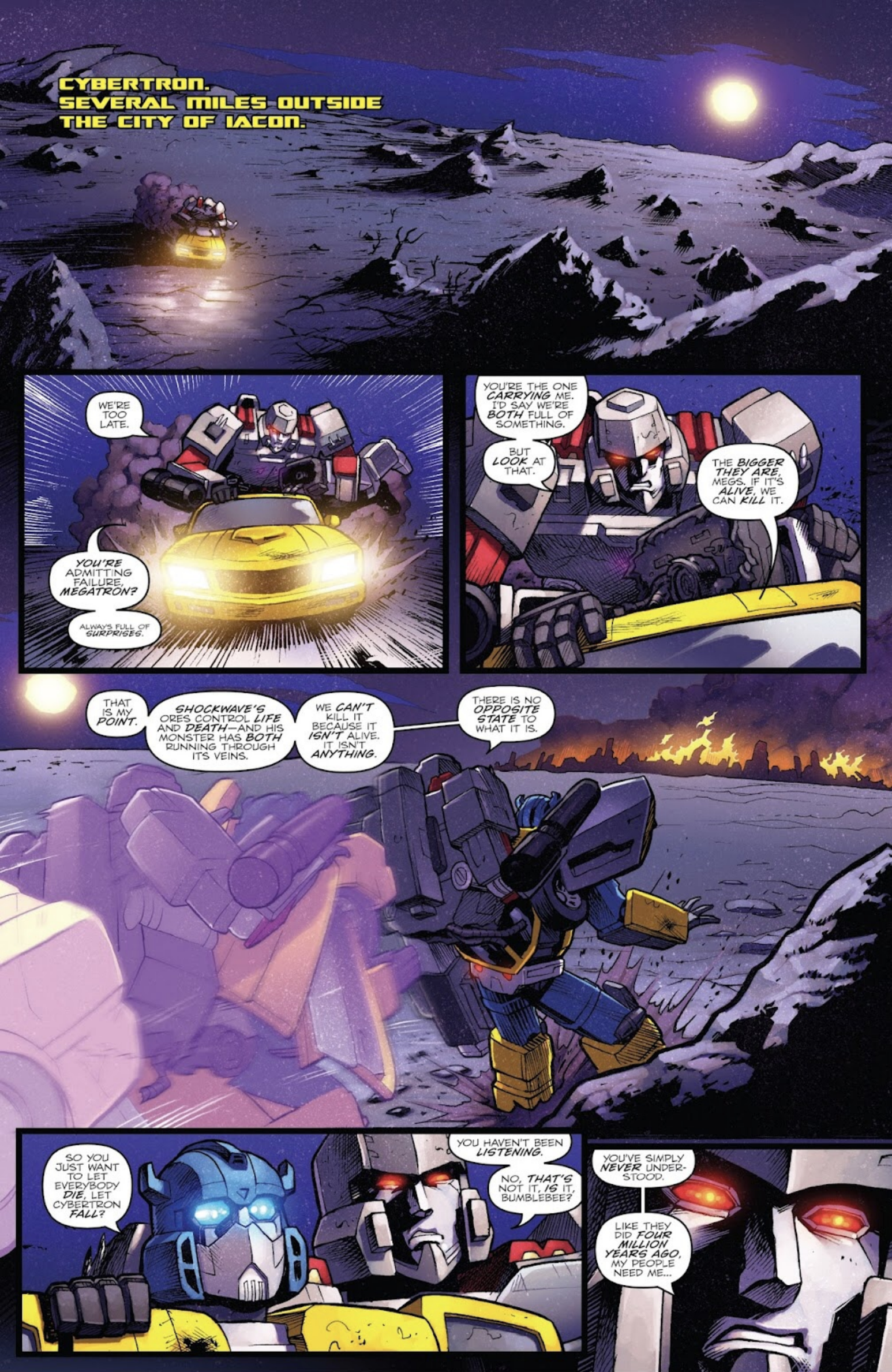

CYBERTRON.
SEVERAL MILES OUTSIDE
THE CITY OF IACON.
WE'RE TOO LATE.
YOU'RE ADMITTING FAILURE, MEGATRON?
ALWAYS FULL OF SURPRISES.
YOU'RE THE ONE CARRYING ME. I'D SAY WE'RE BOTH FULL OF SOMETHING.
BUT LOOK AT THAT.
THE BIGGER THEY ARE, MEGS. IF IT'S ALIVE, WE CAN KILL IT.
THAT IS MY POINT.
SHOCKWAVE'S ORES CONTROL LIFE AND DEATH—AND HIS MONSTER HAS BOTH RUNNING THROUGH ITS VEINS.
WE CAN'T KILL IT BECAUSE IT ISN'T ALIVE. IT ISN'T ANYTHING.
THERE IS NO OPPOSITE STATE TO WHAT IT IS.
SO YOU JUST WANT TO LET EVERYBODY DIE, LET CYBERTRON FALL?
YOU HAVEN'T BEEN LISTENING.
NO, THAT'S NOT IT, IS IT, BUMBLEBEE?
YOU'VE SIMPLY NEVER UNDERSTOOD.
LIKE THEY DID FOUR MILLION YEARS AGO, MY PEOPLE NEED ME...

"...THEY NEED ME TO END THEIR OPPRESSION."
BURNING BRIGHT
DARK CYBERTRON CHAPTER 8
THIS IS HOW IT ENDS...
...EVERYTHING I EVER WORKED FOR, EVERYTHING I EVER WANTED...
...GONE.
AND YOU?
MAKING DEALS WITH SCOOP EVEN AS YOU FRAMED HIM FOR SABOTAGE.
CLASSIC MOVE.
YOU WANTED TO OUT-STARSCREAM STARSCREAM? WELL...
...THE CITY'S YOURS, RATTRAP. I'M DONE.
ER, HIYA, BOSS.
THIS IS WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE WHEN MY DREAM DIES.
YER, AH... YA MIGHT BE PERSONALIZIN' THE TRAGEDY HERE A LITTLE BIT.
GUYS'RE DYIN' OUT DERE.
HA. HA.
I GUESS THAT'S WHAT'S LEFT— GUESSING WHAT'S GOING TO KILL ME.
THIS DISEASE THAT'S COVERING MY BODY, GETTING STEPPED ON, OR YOU PUTTING A BULLET IN MY SPARK.
NO. HEY. SERIOUSLY. THIS AIN'T A RESPONSIBILITY I WANT AT THE MOMENT...
...AN' IT CLEARLY AIN'T ONE YOU CAN HANDLE. SO I BROUGHT SOME. WELL, NOT FRIENDS EXACTLY...
ENEMIES—

—THE WORD YOU'RE LOOKING FOR IS "ENEMIES."
PROWL!
SOUNDWAVE!
AND, UH... EVERYBODY ELSE...
...ARE, AH, YOU GUYS WITH THE BIG PURPLE KILLING MACHINE?
NO.
WELL, THAT'S A START. THE ENEMY OF MY—
IF YOU CONTROL THIS CITY, MARSHAL ITS RESOURCES.
SILENCE, STARSCREAM.
WHAT'S THE POINT?
IT'S OVER...
SIGH SO SAYS THE "CHOSEN ONE," HUH?
ENOUGH.
WE HAVE TO BE RATIONAL— BECAUSE THAT'S HOW SHOCKWAVE'S PLAYING THIS, AND IT ISN'T HOW WE'VE BEEN ACTING.

THIS THING LOOKS LIKE A HORROR THAT CRAWLED OUT FROM THE AFTERSPARK, BUT SHOCKWAVE ONLY DOES WHAT'S LOGICAL.
HE'S COUNTING ON US ARGUING AND FIGHTING LIKE WE'VE BEEN DOING.
SO WE SURPRISE HIM—
—WE PLAY THIS MY WAY.
STARSCREAM—EITHER LAY DOWN AND DIE, OR GET YOUR CITY IN ORDER.
TAKE THE WOUNDED TO YOUR MED-CENTER, AND START CLEARING OUT THE CIVILIANS.
OKAY. YEAH.
I GOT A GUY.
IRONHIDE—TAKE THE DINOBOTS AND WHATEVER DECEPTICONS CAN STILL FIGHT—
AND ME.
—AND ARCEE, AND HIT THAT THING.
SOUNDWAVE—KEEP ME IN TOUCH WITH EVERYBODY.
WHY—SO YOU C'N ORDER US AROUND FROM A SAFE PLACE?
NO, SLUG—

"—SO I CAN FIND THAT THING'S *WEAKNESS*."
AN UNKNOWN WORLD. INSIDE METROPLEX (RIGHT SHOULDER BLADE).
IF I MAY INTERRUPT THIS *HIGHLY-CHARGED STANDOFF* TO GO...
...AND...
...SOMEWHERE UNDER THIS DIRT WE HAVE—
—*THERE*.
NOW, AS OPTIMUS ONCE SAID TO MEGATRON, WHY CAN'T WE ALL JUST GET ALONG?
AND IF YOU TELL ME YOU'VE GONE *ROGUE*, THEN NOT TO WORRY—
—NOW'S A GREAT TIME TO UNITE AGAINST A *COMMON* FOE.
OH, DO YOU HAVE ANY IN MIND?
KRAKK

DECEPTICONS?
AMMONITES...
"...LOTS OF THEM."
THIS WAY! WE'VE GOT TO PROTECT METROPLEX'S BRAIN!
ONLY ON A DAY LIKE THIS WOULD SOMETHING LIKE THAT SOUND NORMAL.
YOU COMING?
NOPE. EVERYONE HAS THEIR ELEMENT, BIG M...
...AND SOME OF US ARE IN OURS.

WAIT A MINUTE, YOU'RE... PHARMA!
NO!
RATCHET! FROM THE DELTARAN MEDICAL FACILITY!
I CAN'T BELIEVE I DIDN'T RECOGNIZE YOU! WHERE'S MY HEAD?!
YOUR HEAD'S BEEN TRYING TO CRAM FOUR MILLION YEARS OF WHO'S WHO INTO A WEEK—THAT'S THE PROBLEM.
I DON'T KNOW IF THIS IS THE RIGHT TIME, CHROMIA, BUT...
BACK THERE. YOUR BIG ENTRANCE, YOU AND NAUTICA. YOU SAID "HER." "SHE."
AND?
...DOESN'T MATTER. MAYBE NOW ISN'T THE RIGHT TIME AFTER ALL.
I DON'T LIKE GRAFFITI AT THE BEST OF TIMES, BUT IF I SEE ONE MORE ARROW...
THAT WAS ME, I'M AFRAID. WE NEEDED A WAY TO RETRACE OUR STEPS. THEN METROPLEX STARTED CONVULSING, AND...
WHO'S "US"? YOU AND NAUTICA?
ME, NAUTICA, AND—
"—SHE-WHO-MUST-NOT-BE-NAMED."
THE NAME'S WINDBLADE. I'M IN CHARGE.
IN CHARGE OF WHAT, EXACTLY?
KEEPING METROPLEX ALIVE.
INSIDE METROPLEX... (LEFT SHOULDER BLADE).

THE DEAD UNIVERSE.
THIS WAY, FOLKS!
HEY, NIGHTBEAT— YOU COULDN'T HAVE PICKED A ROUTE WITH FEWER OF THE, Y'KNOW, WEIRD FLYING ROBOZOMBIES?
"ROBOZOMBIES"?
YEAH, 'COS I DON'T HEAR ANYONE ELSE COMING UP WITH THE COOL NAMES!
KAFF! KAFF!
HOLD ON, CYCLONUS. WE'LL GET HELP FOR YOU, TOO.
FOOM
SEEMS TO BE THE LAST OF THEM.
FOR NOW...
OVER THERE.
KUP?
BUT NO SIGN OF NOVA. SHAME.
I WAS GOING TO USE MY FIST TO CREATE A NEW PORTAL— IN HIS FACE.
UHHH...
HOLD STILL, KUP. WE CAN GET YOU OUT— WON'T TAKE A MINUTE.
AND DON'T GIVE ME ANY OF THAT, "I'M TOO OLD, LEAVE ME BEHIND" NONSENSE.
YOU WENT THERE, KID, NOT ME.

CYCLONUS—GUARD THE DOOR WHILE WE FREE KUP.
SHOOT ON—KAFF!—SIGHT?
I CAN'T IMAGINE ANYTHING TRYING TO ENTER THIS ROOM THAT DOESN'T WANT TO KILL US...
SO THAT'S A YES.
RODIMUS? A HAND WITH THESE CABLES, PLEASE.
SURE.
WHAT'S THE PLAN AFTER THIS?
IN ASCENDING ORDER OF DIFFICULTY: WE SAVE KUP, BEAT NOVA, GO HOME, AND MAKE EVERYTHING BETTER.
SO YOU'RE PROBABLY WONDERING ABOUT THE NUMBERS ON MY HAND...
IT CAN WAIT.
I MESSED UP. NO, BUT I MEAN HUGELY.
I SMUGGLED A DECEPTICON PRISONER ON BOARD THE LOST LIGHT AND HE ESCAPED, AND PEOPLE DIED, AND THEN I LET MY BEST FRIEND TAKE THE BLAME...
...AND AFTER HE LEFT—I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM HIM IN AGES—THE GUILT GOT THE BETTER OF ME AND I 'FESSED UP.
FIRST TO ULTRA MAGNUS, THEN THE REST OF THE CREW.
I APOLOGIZED. AND AFTER I SAID SORRY, I INVOKED THE CRISIS ACT.
YOU ASKED THEM TO VOTE?
ALL OF THEM, YEAH—WELL, THE 190 WHO WERE FUNCTIONAL AT THE TIME.
A REFERENDUM, REALLY:
"SHOULD I STAY AS CAPTAIN? YES OR NO."
AND HERE YOU ARE. STILL CAPTAIN.
YES, BUT... EIGHTY-NINE PEOPLE WANTED ME GONE.
THAT'S WHY I CARVED THE—Y'KNOW, IN MY HAND. SEE?
'S LIKE A PERMANENT NOTE TO SELF: "YOU GOTTA WIN 'EM BACK, RODDERS."

PAX...?
I THINK I...
...I THINK I NEED TO REST...
THAT NIGHTBEAT, THOUGH— HOW DOES HE DO IT?
A COUPLE OF NUMBERS ON YOUR HAND AND HE'S GOT YOU BANG TO RIGHTS!
I ASKED HIM HOW HE'D SUSSED IT OUT—
—APPARENTLY, IT WAS WHEN I SAID I'D GIVEN UP HOPE OF EVER BECOMING A PRIME.*
HE KNEW SOMETHING SUPER-SERIOUS MUST'VE HAPPENED, AND...
...ORION?
*DARK CYBERTRON CHAPTER 4.
YOU COULD'VE RESIGNED.
I, ER... I WHAT?
YOU SHOULD HAVE RESIGNED.
YOU ONLY INVOKED THE CRISIS ACT BECAUSE YOU THOUGHT YOU'D WIN.
IF YOU'D BEEN TRULY ASHAMED OF YOUR ACTIONS, YOU'D HAVE STEPPED DOWN.
UM... I KINDA THOUGHT IT TOOK MORE COURAGE TO STICK IT OUT?
NONSENSE.
UM.
YEAH.
I WAS, UM, SORT OF EXPECTING THE STANDARD OPTIMUS PEP TALK...?
NOBODY'S PERFECT, LEARN FROM YOUR MISTAKES, THAT KIND OF THING?
I'M NOT HERE TO ABSOLVE YOU OF GUILT.

EASY DOES IT, KUP. ARE YOU ALRIGHT? CAN YOU STAND?
CAN I STAND? CAN I *STAND?*
KID, I'VE BEEN STANDIN' SINCE BEFORE IT BECAME *FASHIONABLE.*
BUT ARE YOU *FEELING* OKAY?
I'VE HAD WORSE THAN *THIS.*
I'VE BEEN SPIKED BY *SQUADRON X,* DIPPED IN THE *SMELTIN' POOL,* FRAMED FOR TREASON, SHOT INTO THE SUN—AND I WAS THE ONLY 'BOT STILL TRAPPED INSIDE THE *NIGHTMARE ENGINE* WHEN EVERYONE ELSE *WOKE UP.*
I'VE SEEN OFF EVERY RINKY-DINK, TWO-BIT, CATCHPENNY DECEPTICON RUST-PICKER, AND I GOT THE DENTS IN MY KNUCKLES TO PROVE IT.
END OF THE DAY?
I'M READY FOR ANYTHING YOU CAN THROW AT ME.
HFF!
KLUNK

UHHRR... NOVA...?
STAY THERE.
I'M NOT DONE WITH YOU.
BUT FIRST—
LET'S NOT PUT THIS OFF ANY LONGER.
YOU AND ME, PAX—
—YOU, ME, AND DESTINY.

METROPLEX.
"YOU MOVED METROPLEX'S BRAIN?"
NO, RATCHET, WE JUST FISHED IT OUT OF THE WATER.
METROPLEX WAS SUBJECTED TO SOME KIND OF CHEMICAL ASSAULT.
HE TELEPORTED HERE KNOWING THAT THE WATER ON THIS PLANET WOULD SLOW THE SPREAD OF THE DISEASE—
—AND THEN MOVED HIS BRAIN DOWNSTREAM TO HIDE IT FROM FURTHER ATTACKS.
DID HE TELL YOU ALL THIS?
BECAUSE HE'S BEEN GIVING US THE SILENT TREATMENT EVER SINCE WE ARRIVED.
THE DISEASE STOLE HIS VOICE—BUT HE TALKS TO ME IN OTHER WAYS...
AH, SO YOU'RE TELEPATHIC...
NOT IN THE SLIGHTEST.
SHE CAN BARELY COMMUNICATE VERBALLY, LET ALONE MENTALLY.
HE USES THE SURFACE OF HIS BRAIN TO COMMUNICATE. PATTERNS OF COLOR, FLASHING LIGHTS... YOU JUST NEED TO DECIPHER THE CODE.
HE SPENDS MOST OF HIS TIME ASLEEP—CONSERVING WHAT'S LEFT OF HIS POWER.
THERE WAS A BURST OF ACTIVITY A FEW HOURS AGO, BUT SINCE THEN HE'S BEEN QUIET.
A FEW HOURS AGO—THAT'S WHEN WE ARRIVED.
THAT'S WHEN HE DRAGGED US HERE.

SPEAKING OF HERE—I DON'T LIKE IT. IN FACT, HERE SUCKS.
WHIRL AND THE OTHERS CAN'T HOLD OFF THE AMMONITES FOREVER—AND EVEN IF HOUND'S SENDING BACKUP, IT'S NOT GOING TO TIP THE BALANCE IN OUR FAVOR.
I SAY WE ALL PACK UP AND GO HOME.

I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN.
I GET THE FEELING THAT EVERY SECOND WE'RE NOT ON CYBERTRON, WE'RE PLAYING INTO SHOCKWAVE'S HANDS.
HAND.
YOU DO WHAT YOU WANT—WE'RE NOT ABANDONING METROPLEX.

HOW DID YOU THREE END UP HERE IN THE FIRST PLACE?
LONG STORY, BUT WE RECENTLY JOINED THE CREW OF THE *VIS VITALIS*—**THUNDERCLASH'S** SHIP.
DAYS LATER, THE *V.V.* RAN INTO **ALPHA TRION**—WHICH THUNDERCLASH SAID WAS **WEIRD**, BECAUSE HE—
ALWAYS TRAVELS WITH METROPLEX. YEAH, WE WERE WONDERING WHERE HE'D GOT TO.

TRION WAS **FLUSTERED**. HE COULD FEEL THAT METROPLEX WAS **HURTING** BUT COULDN'T GO TO HIS AID BECAUSE...
WHAT WAS IT HE SAID, CHROMIA?
I WASN'T LISTENING. HE WAS BEING ALL **FAUX-ENIGMATIC** AND I WANTED TO LAMP HIM. SOMETHING ABOUT A **HOLY GRAIL?**

THAT'S IT! TRION SAID HE WAS CLOSE TO FINDING THE HOLY GRAIL AND HE COULDN'T AFFORD TO BACKTRACK.
THUNDERCLASH WASN'T IN A FIT STATE TO TRAVEL, AND—IN ANY CASE—THE *V.V.* ISN'T BUILT FOR SPEED, SO WE VOLUNTEERED TO COME HERE AND HELP.

AND SO FAR, WE'VE BEEN HARDLY ANY HELP AT ALL. AT THIS RATE, METROPLEX IS GOING TO DIE OUT HERE, MILLIONS OF MILES FROM HOME.
MAYBE NOT. I THINK I'VE JUST WORKED OUT WHY METROPLEX WANTED US HERE.
TELL ME.
TELL YOU?

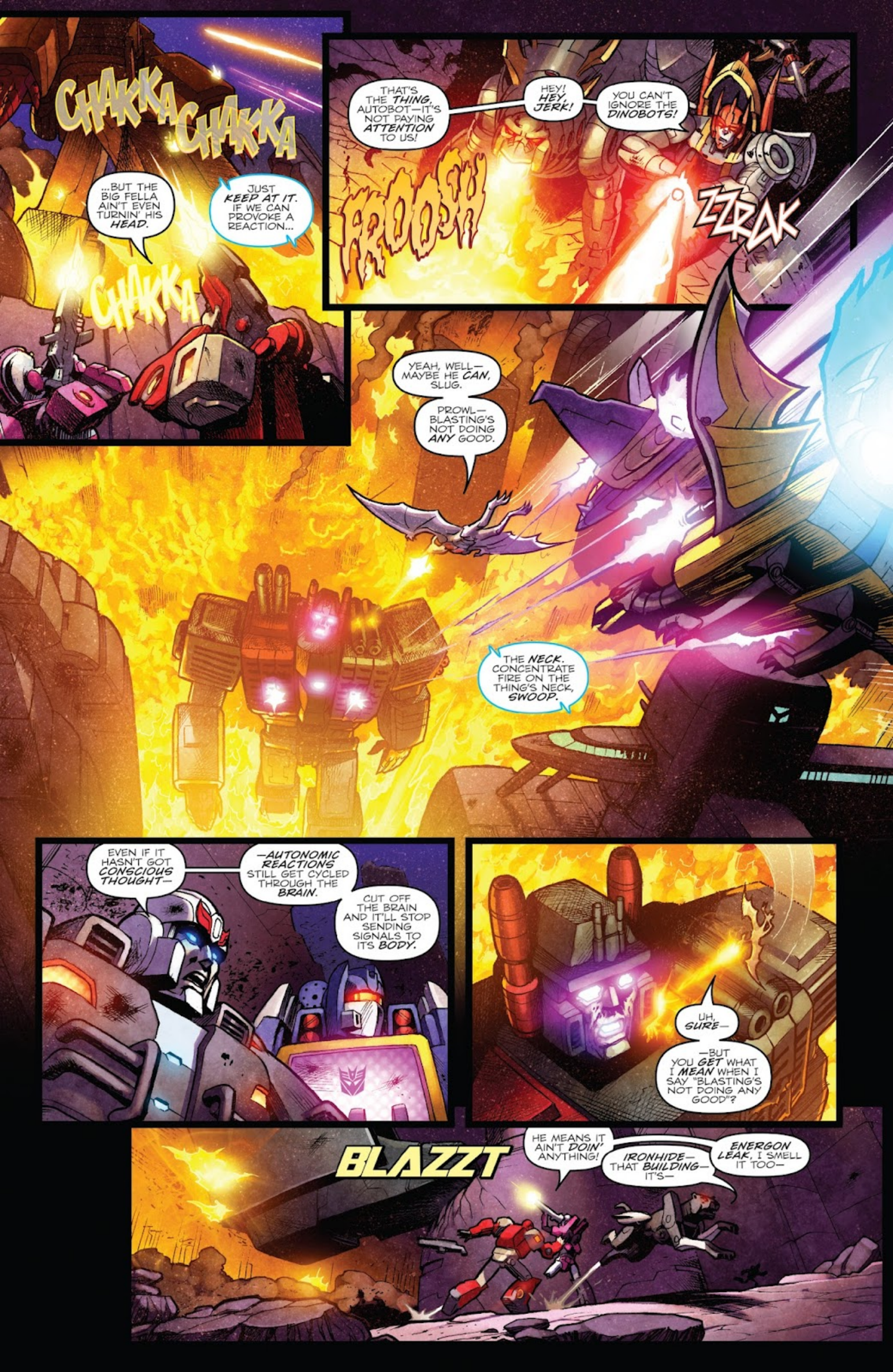
"GIVE ME TWO MINUTES AND I'LL SHOW YOU."
OKAY, I'VE OPENED UP THE ENERGY RECEPTORS IN METROPLEX'S BRAIN. ALL OF THEM.
I'VE RADIOED WHIRL, TOLD HIM WHAT TO EXPECT.
AND BRAINSTORM? THE COUPLING CABLE?
FED INTO THE WATER, AS INSTRUCTED, SIR!
IF I'M RIGHT, THE WATER WILL ACT AS A CONDUIT, ENABLING US TO CONNECT TO THE LOST LIGHT REMOTELY.

I'M STILL NOT SURE HOW THIS IS GOING TO WORK.
LAST YEAR, THUNDERCLASH CAME TO US FOR HELP— THE V.V. WAS DAMAGED AND LOSING POWER. HE SHOWED US HOW TO USE THE LOST LIGHT'S QUANTUM ENGINES TO GIVE HIS SHIP A BOOST—
—WHICH IS EXACTLY WHAT I'M ABOUT TO DO WITH METROPLEX.
BUT FIRST—

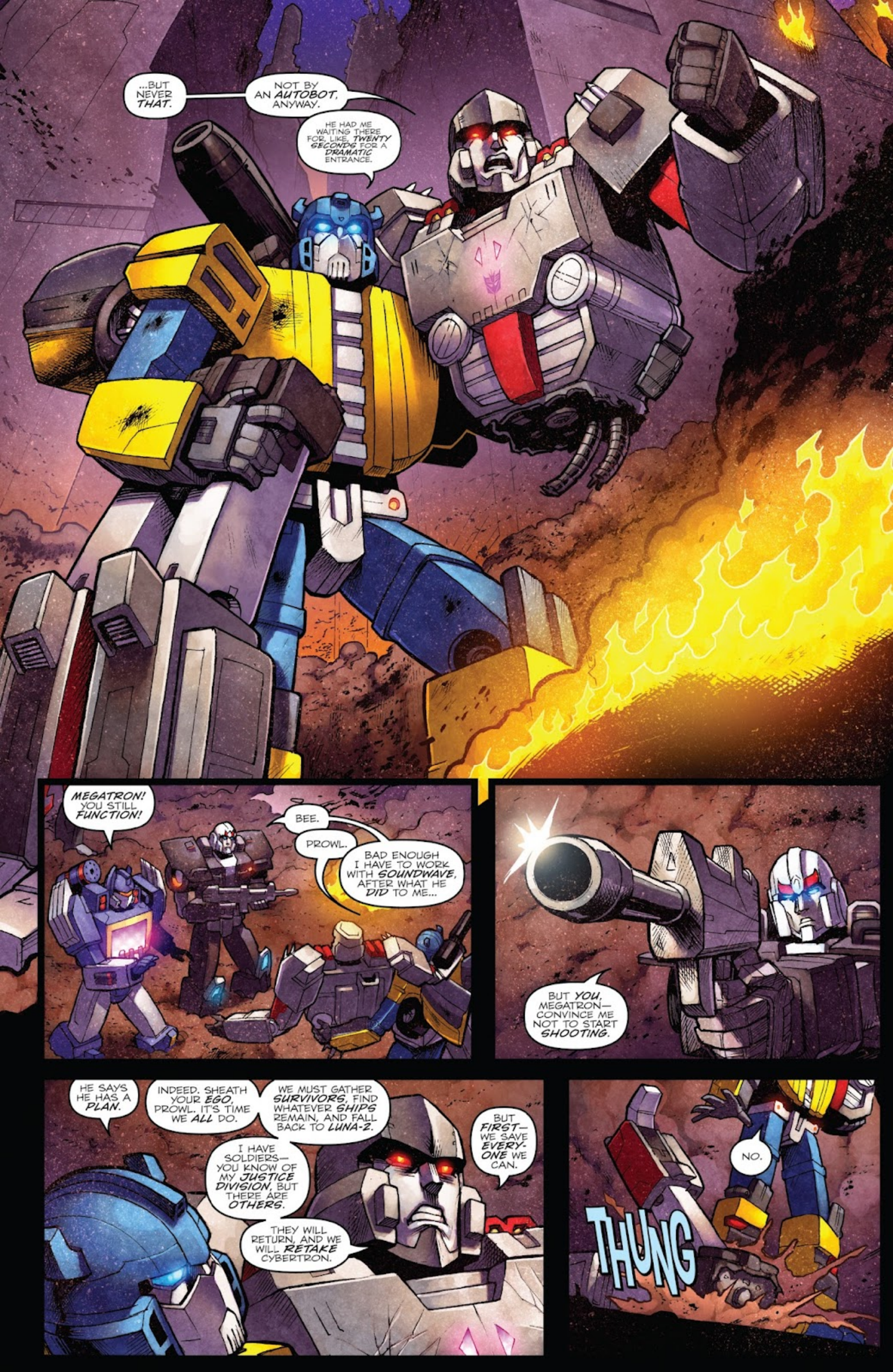
"—WE NEED TO WAKE HIM UP."
IF YOU CAN HEAR ME, METROPLEX, YOU'RE HOOKED UP TO THE LOST LIGHT.
IT QUANTUM JUMPED HERE AND IT'S NOT HAD A CHANCE TO RECHARGE, BUT THERE MIGHT JUST BE ENOUGH POWER FOR YOU TO ACTIVATE YOUR SPACEBRIDGE AND GO HOME—
—AND TAKE ALL OF US WITH YOU.

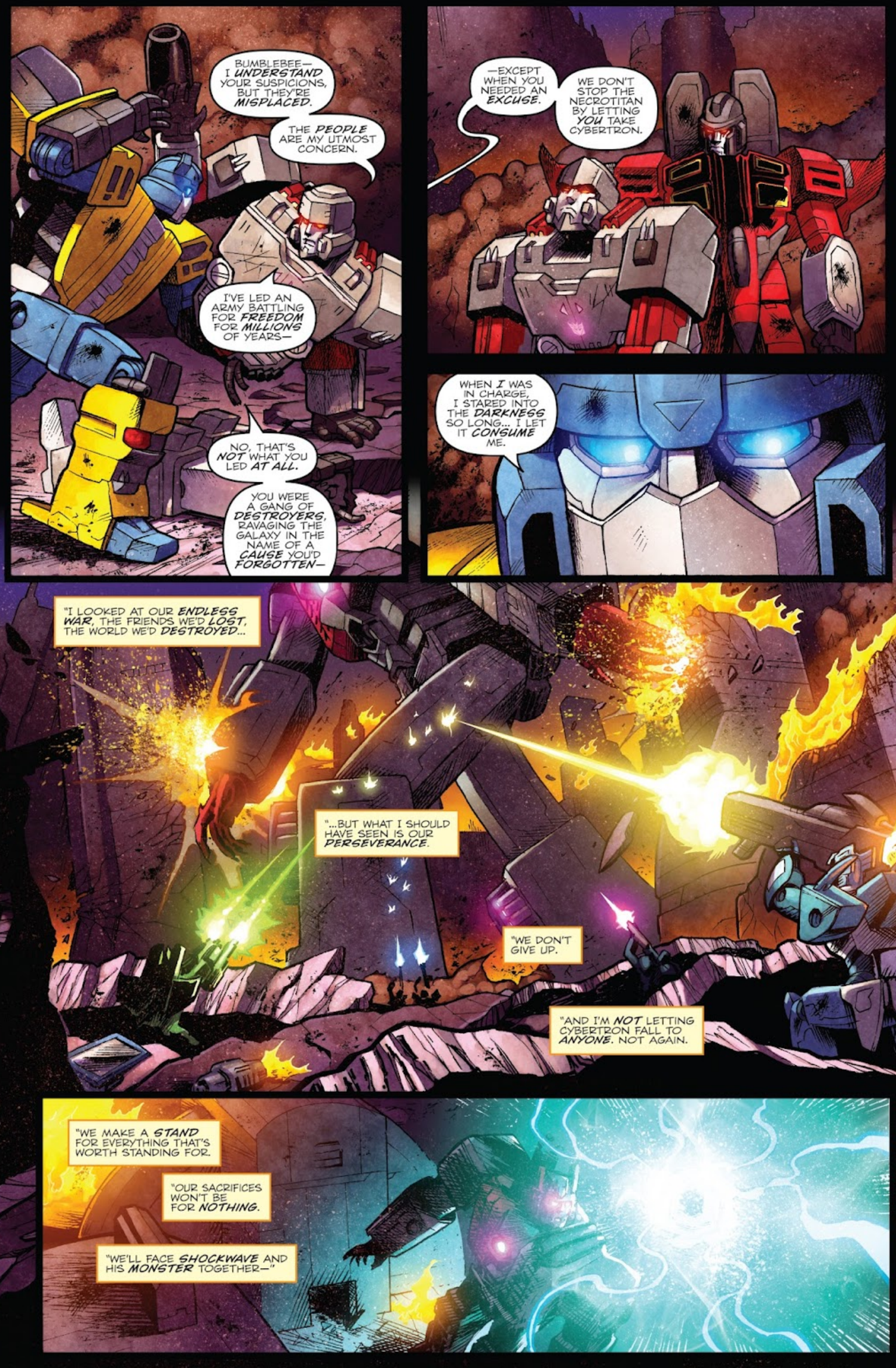
"BURN BRIGHT, METROPLEX..."

"...BURN BRIGHT THIS ONE LAST TIME."
WELL, THIS IS GOING SMOOTHLY.
STARSCREAM?
I'M AT THE MED-CENTER.
OUR DOCTORS ARE, AH... "TEAMING UP" IS THE TERM, I BELIEVE.
IT'S DELIGHTFUL.
YOU LEFT YOUR WOUNDED IN A TRAILER?!
I CAN GET JETFIRE UP AND—
QUIET, BLAST YOU!
PROWL— THIS IS FIXIT. THIS FLATLINE IDIOT DOESN'T UNDERSTAND—
WUMP
UNF!
OMEGA SUPREME'S STILL IN A COMA AND THE AERIALBOTS ARE STILL DOWN—I CAN'T EVEN TELL IF THEY'RE ALIVE.
YOUR AUTOBOT MEDIC CREATED A MESS.
KEEP TRYING. WE COULD USE SOME BIG GUYS.
IRONHIDE, WHAT'S THE GROUND SITUATION?
SCOOP AN' RATTRAP AN' SOME OF OUR GUYS'RE GETTIN' THE REGULAR FOLKS OUTTA THE LINE O' FIRE...


CHAKKA CHAKKA
...BUT THE BIG FELLA AIN'T EVEN TURNIN' HIS HEAD.
JUST KEEP AT IT. IF WE CAN PROVOKE A REACTION...
CHAKKA
THAT'S THE THING, AUTOBOT—IT'S NOT PAYING ATTENTION TO US!
HEY! HEY, JERK!
YOU CAN'T IGNORE THE DINOBOTS!
FROOSH
ZZRAK
YEAH, WELL—MAYBE HE CAN, SLUG.
PROWL—BLASTING'S NOT DOING ANY GOOD.
THE NECK. CONCENTRATE FIRE ON THE THING'S NECK, SWOOP.
EVEN IF IT HASN'T GOT CONSCIOUS THOUGHT—
—AUTONOMIC REACTIONS STILL GET CYCLED THROUGH THE BRAIN.
CUT OFF THE BRAIN AND IT'LL STOP SENDING SIGNALS TO ITS BODY.
UH, SURE—
—BUT YOU GET WHAT I MEAN WHEN I SAY "BLASTING'S NOT DOING ANY GOOD"?
BLAZZT
HE MEANS IT AIN'T DOIN' ANYTHING!
IRONHIDE—THAT BUILDING—IT'S—
ENERGON LEAK, I SMELL IT TOO—

KRA-THOOM
IRONHIDE— ARCEE— COME IN!
THE SIGNAL'S LOST. IT... COULD BE INTERFERENCE FROM THE EXPLOSION.
YOU'VE DONE ENOUGH TO ME ALREADY, SOUNDWAVE— DON'T PATRONIZE ME, TOO.
YOU KNOW SHOCKWAVE.
TELL ME WHAT HE'S PLANNING— BECAUSE NOTHING HERE ADDS UP. WE STOPPED HIM FROM USING MEGATRON AS A SPACE BRIDGE TO THE DEAD UNIVERSE—
—SO PLAN B IS STEP ON IACON? IT DOESN'T FOLLOW. IT DOESN'T TRACK.
I HAVE NEVER UNDERSTOOD SHOCKWAVE... AND HE NEVER BELIEVED IN THE DECEPTICON CAUSE.
HIS ACTIONS ARE AS PUZZLING TO ME AS THEY ARE TO YOU...
...BUT I BELIEVE WE CAN STOP HIM.
SURE.
UNLESS YOUR FAITH CAN CONJURE UP A MIRACLE, CYBERTRON IS GOING TO FALL.
I'VE BEEN CALLED MANY THINGS...


...BUT NEVER *THAT*.
NOT BY AN *AUTOBOT*, ANYWAY.
HE HAD ME WAITING THERE FOR, LIKE, *TWENTY SECONDS* FOR A *DRAMATIC* ENTRANCE.
MEGATRON! YOU STILL *FUNCTION!*
BEE.
PROWL.
BAD ENOUGH I HAVE TO WORK WITH *SOUNDWAVE*, AFTER WHAT HE *DID* TO ME...
BUT *YOU*, MEGATRON— CONVINCE ME NOT TO START *SHOOTING*.
HE SAYS HE HAS A *PLAN*.
INDEED. SHEATH YOUR *EGO*, PROWL. IT'S TIME WE *ALL* DO.
WE MUST GATHER *SURVIVORS*, FIND WHATEVER *SHIPS* REMAIN, AND FALL BACK TO *LUNA-2*.
I HAVE SOLDIERS— YOU KNOW OF MY *JUSTICE DIVISION*, BUT THERE ARE *OTHERS*.
THEY WILL RETURN, AND WE WILL *RETAKE* CYBERTRON.
BUT *FIRST*— WE SAVE *EVERY-ONE* WE CAN.
NO.
THUNG


BUMBLEBEE— I UNDERSTAND YOUR SUSPICIONS, BUT THEY'RE MISPLACED.
THE PEOPLE ARE MY UTMOST CONCERN.
I'VE LED AN ARMY BATTLING FOR FREEDOM FOR MILLIONS OF YEARS—
NO, THAT'S NOT WHAT YOU LED AT ALL.
YOU WERE A GANG OF DESTROYERS, RAVAGING THE GALAXY IN THE NAME OF A CAUSE YOU'D FORGOTTEN—
—EXCEPT WHEN YOU NEEDED AN EXCUSE.
WE DON'T STOP THE NECROTITAN BY LETTING YOU TAKE CYBERTRON.
WHEN I WAS IN CHARGE, I STARED INTO THE DARKNESS SO LONG... I LET IT CONSUME ME.
"I LOOKED AT OUR ENDLESS WAR, THE FRIENDS WE'D LOST, THE WORLD WE'D DESTROYED...
"...BUT WHAT I SHOULD HAVE SEEN IS OUR PERSEVERANCE.
"WE DON'T GIVE UP.
"AND I'M NOT LETTING CYBERTRON FALL TO ANYONE. NOT AGAIN.
"WE MAKE A STAND FOR EVERYTHING THAT'S WORTH STANDING FOR.
"OUR SACRIFICES WON'T BE FOR NOTHING.
"WE'LL FACE SHOCKWAVE AND HIS MONSTER TOGETHER—"

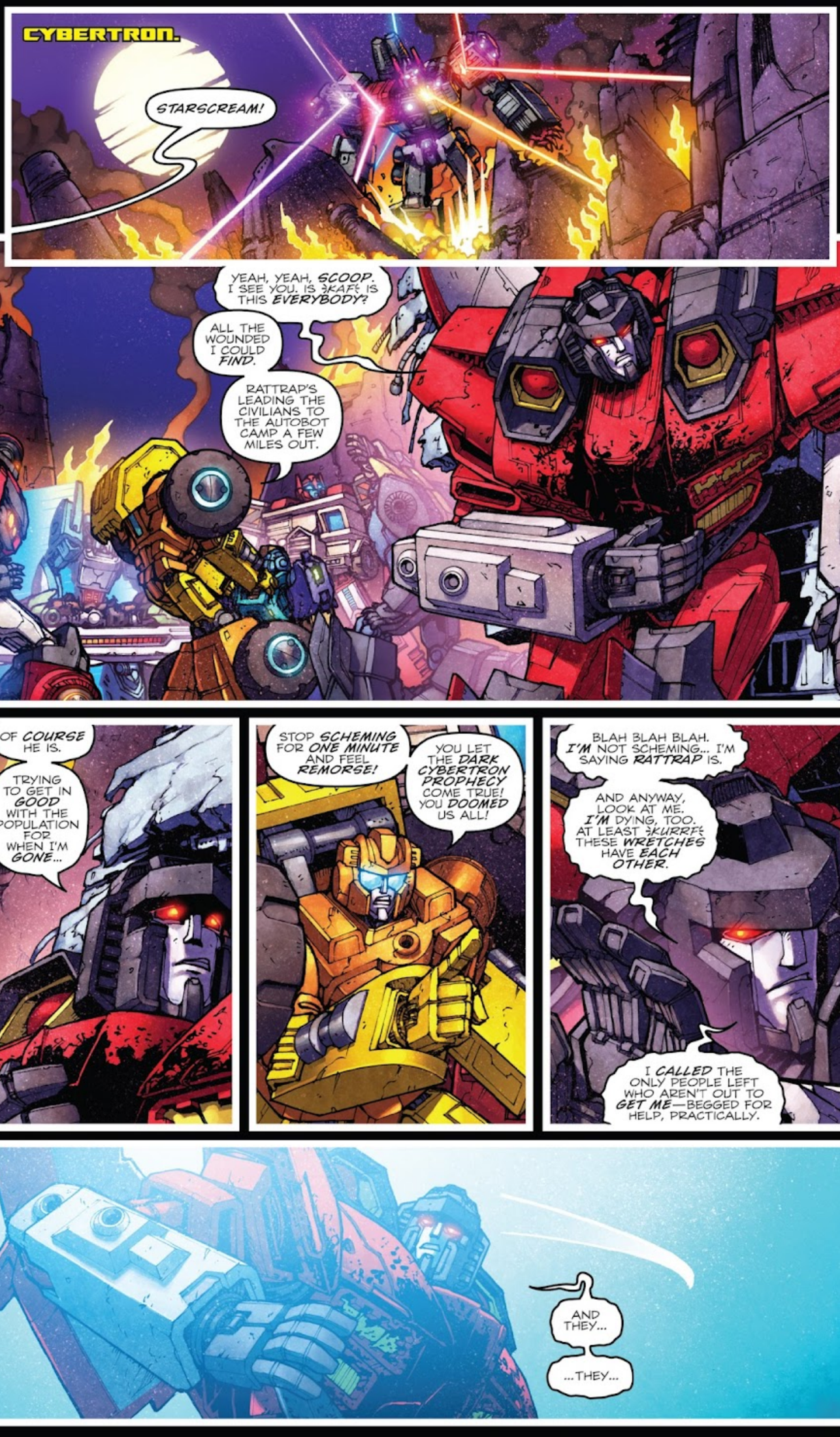
—AND THIS TIME, THE GOOD GUYS WIN.

Cover by: PHIL JIMENEZ • Colors by: ROMULO FAJARDO, JR.

CHAPTER 9

Art by: ANDREW GRIFFITH and LIVIO RAMONDELLI • Colors by: JOSH PEREZ and LIVIO RAMONDELLI
Letters by: TOM B. LONG

Cover by: CASEY W. COLLER • Colors by: JOANA LAFUENTE


CYBERTRON.
STARSCREAM!
YEAH, YEAH, SCOOP. I SEE YOU. IS SKAFF IS THIS EVERYBODY?
ALL THE WOUNDED I COULD FIND.
RATTRAP'S LEADING THE CIVILIANS TO THE AUTOBOT CAMP A FEW MILES OUT.
OF COURSE HE IS.
TRYING TO GET IN GOOD WITH THE POPULATION FOR WHEN I'M GONE...
STOP SCHEMING FOR ONE MINUTE AND FEEL REMORSE!
YOU LET THE DARK CYBERTRON PROPHECY COME TRUE! YOU DOOMED US ALL!
BLAH BLAH BLAH. I'M NOT SCHEMING... I'M SAYING RATTRAP IS.
AND ANYWAY, LOOK AT ME. I'M DYING, TOO. AT LEAST SKURRF THESE WRETCHES HAVE EACH OTHER.
I CALLED THE ONLY PEOPLE LEFT WHO AREN'T OUT TO GET ME—BEGGED FOR HELP, PRACTICALLY.
AND THEY...
...THEY...

FINIS TEMPORIS
DARK CYBERTRON CHAPTER 9
...IS THAT WHO I THINK IT IS?

HI, CYBERTRON, WE'RE HO-OME!
DID YOU MISS US?
WE BROUGHT YOU A SOUVENIR!
DO WE LAND, OR TRY TO HELP METROPLEX?
SORRY, HOUND, BUT GIVEN THE FORCE OF OUR ARRIVAL AND OUR PROXIMITY TO THE TITANS, ALL WE CAN REASONABLY DO...
...IS CRASH!
KRAKOOM!
BUMBLEBEE— IT'S THE LOST LIGHT...
NAIVE LITTLE AUTOBOT...
IT CAN'T BE. THEY LEFT US, PROWL. AND— AND—
—THEY DIED.

"...SINCE WHEN DOES ANYONE STAY DEAD?"
YOU'VE GOT SOME EXPLAINING TO DO, ULTRA MAGNUS—
—DID YOU KNOW METROPLEX WOULD HAVE TO FIGHT ANOTHER TITAN?
NO!
BUT I THINK—SOMEHOW—HE DID.
OI, MAGNUS! PICK UP!
WHIRL? WHAT'S HAPPENING DOWN THERE?
YOUR PLAN WORKED!
YOU SAID THAT WHEN METROPLEX TELEPORTED US HOME HE'D LEAVE ALL THE AMMONITES BEHIND! YOU'RE A GENIUS!
P.S...
...I'M BEING SARCASTIC.
NEARBY.
HEY! HEY—RODIMUS!
ARE YOU OKAY?
WHAT'S GOING ON?!
OH BEE, YOU HAVE NO IDEA...

"...BUT I'M GLAD TO SEE A FAMILIAR FACE."
THIS ENDS HERE, ORION PAX. I CONTROL THIS UNIVERSE—
HRK!
—AND I WILL RULE YOURS!
THE DEAD UNIVERSE.

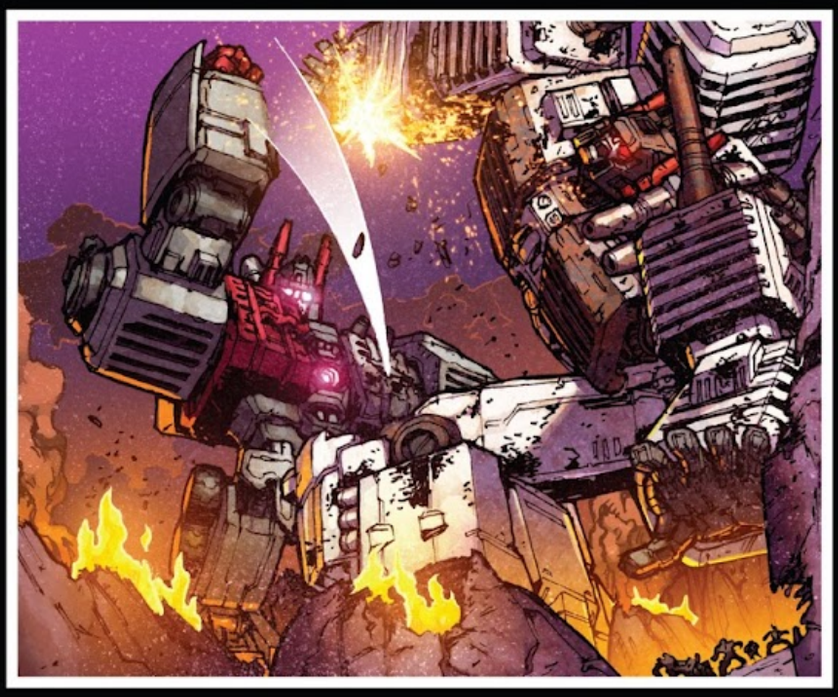
KEEP AT IT, LAD! I KNOW HIS SORT! ONE PUNCH AND HE'LL BUCKLE LIKE A TIN CAN!
WE'D HELP, BUT, Y'KNOW, ROBOZOMBIES...

DON'T WORRY, AUTOBOTS—
KAFF?!
SORRY, AUTOBOTS AND CYCLONUS...
...IF HE STANDS BETWEEN US AND FREEDOM, NOVA PRIME DOESN'T STAND A CHANCE.

I'VE GOT THIS.
I DON'T THINK YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'VE GOT...
...OR WHO.
SENTINEL PRIME!
ARE YOU SURE?
ZETA?!
I MADE YOU WHAT YOU ARE, ORION...

"...I MADE ALL OF YOU WHAT YOU ARE."
YOU CAPTURED MEGATRON?!
I, UH, RESCUED MEGATRON.
YOU ASSISTED ME.
THIS IS NOT IMPORTANT.
WHERE'S RODIMUS? ULTRA MAGNUS? AND WHY DIDN'T YOU CALL?
WE DID CALL— EVENTUALLY...
AND STARSCREAM ANSWERED.
AH. THAT.
WE'LL DISCUSS IT LATER. WHAT'S HAPPENED TO METROPLEX?
HE'S CONTRACTED SOME SORT OF PLAGUE.
HE'S DYING.
WE GOT DRAWN TOWARD HIM AFTER RODIMUS AND ORION WENT INTO THE DEAD UNIVERSE.
WAIT, WHAT?
MAGNUS HELPED HIM SPACE BRIDGE BACK HERE.
WHY DOES HE REACH FOR THIS STARSHIP?
TO PROTECT US. IT'S AN AUTOBOT THING—YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND, MEGATRON.
FOR THAT MATTER— WHY WERE YOU DRAWN TOGETHER IN THE FIRST PLACE?
WE FOUND A PIECE OF HIM. A FRAGMENT. PART OF HIS THUMB.
AND THERE I WAS, THINKING YOU WERE LOOKING FOR THE KNIGHTS OF CYBERTRON...
THIS FRAGMENT— IS IT STILL INSIDE YOUR SHIP?
YEAH. YEAH, IT'S, UM...
WHY?
BUMBLEBEE— I NEED A HAND...

"...OR PART OF ONE, AT LEAST."
YOU'RE FIGHTING ME WHEN YOU SHOULD BE HELPING ME.
THOK
UGH!
THE CYBERTRONIAN RACE STANDS ABOVE ALL OTHERS—AND YOU AND I, AS PRIMES, HAVE A DUTY TO SHAPE ITS DESTINY.
WE'RE THE MASTERS, ORION PAX!
ZETA?! WHAT HAPPENED TO NOVA PRIME?
KUNK
THEY'RE ONE AND THE SAME, KUP.
WHEN NOVA SAID HE COULD BEND THE DEAD UNIVERSE TO HIS WILL, I DIDN'T REALIZE HE MEANT—
THEN AGAIN PEOPLE LIKE HIM ARE VERY LITERAL, AREN'T THEY?
THE LEGACY OF PRIMES—PERFECTING INFERIOR WORLDS—LIVES INSIDE ME.
I CAN FEEL IT—YOU ADMIRED ZETA PRIME. HE WAS YOUR MENTOR.
HRK!
HE MADE YOU WHAT YOU ARE TODAY—
—A PRIME!
UGH!



SCATTER!

INSIDE.
WE VERY MUCH HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE—THE RISK OF IMMINENT DEATH ALWAYS MAKES ME REALLY TETCHY.
WE NEED TO GO SOMEWHERE SAFE.
"SAFE"?! THERE IS NO "SAFE"! IT'S WALL-TO-WALL TITAN APOCALYPSE!
EVEN IF THERE WAS SOME PLACE TO HIDE—

"—WE CAN'T ABANDON THE OTHERS."
WHEN EVEN I'M GETTING TIRED OF FIGHTING...

"...THAT'S WHEN YOU KNOW THINGS ARE GOING BADLY."
DO YOU SEE, ORION?
DO YOU SEE WHAT I'M TRYING TO TEACH YOU?
I'M YOU. I'M WHAT YOU COULD BE IF YOU GAVE IN—IF YOU STOPPED RESISTING.

OOF!
WHAAN
NIGHTBEAT WAS RIGHT. YOU REALLY ARE THE ƷKAFF!ƸS LITERAL TYPE.

UP YOU GET. WE'LL DO THIS TOGETHER.
RODIMUS...?
YOU'RE NOT DONE. GET UP.
I CAN'T EVEN LAY A PUNCH ON HIM!
OF COURSE YOU CAN, YOU'RE OP—
DON'T SAY IT.

IF I'M A PRIME, I'M NO BETTER THAN NOVA.
NO BETTER THAN SENTINEL AND ZETA.
BY PERPETUATING THE PRIMAL LINEAGE...

"...I ENDORSE IT."
A FRAGMENT OF A TITAN. I ALWAYS DREAMED...
...BUT, YES. IT...
...RESONATES.
MY BODY WAS ONCE INFUSED WITH ONE OF SHOCKWAVE'S ORES. IT IS NOT A SENSATION ONE FORGETS.
SO, IT'S THE SAME ORE WE FOUND BACK ON EARTH?
NO. BUT IF IT IS WHAT METROPLEX IS REACHING FOR—PERHAPS IT CAN SAVE HIM.
HOW DO WE MOVE IT?
ORE-13 WAS NOT THE ONLY THING MY BODY WAS INFUSED WITH.
THE SPACE BRIDGE?
I'VE RECUPERATED ENOUGH TO MAKE A JUMP—MAYBE NOT AN INSTANTANEOUS ONE, BUT...
...STAND BACK.
AND YOU'RE NOT GOING TO JUST TAKE IT TO LUNA 2 LIKE YOU SAID BEFORE?
LEAVE NECROTITAN TO FINISH US OFF, AND COME BACK AND INVADE AFTERWARD?

KRANG
YOU KNOW WHO I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO BE, ORION?
I'M TALKING ALL MY LIFE.
YES—RODIMUS PRIME.
AND I'M SORRY, BUT THAT MAKES YOU A FOOL.
TO ACTIVELY WANT TO BE A PRIME AFTER THE DAMAGE WROUGHT BY MY PREDECESSORS...
YOU'RE WRONG. I NEVER WANTED TO BE "RODIMUS PRIME." NOT DEEP DOWN.
DEEP DOWN, I ALWAYS WANTED TO BE YOU. THE REAL YOU—NOT ORION PAX.
ALL THIS TALK ABOUT A CORRUPT LINEAGE...
"...WHEN YOU BECAME OPTIMUS PRIME—WHEN YOU ASSUMED THE TITLE—THE WORLD DIDN'T KNOW THE TRUTH ABOUT NOVA AND NOMINUS AND THE REST.
"BACK THEN, BEING A PRIME MEANT DEMONSTRATING—NO, ACTUALLY—EMBODYING CERTAIN STANDARDS OF BEHAVIOR...
"...IT MEANT DECENCY AND INTEGRITY AND—AND MORALITY—
"—AND ALL SORTS OF THINGS THAT CHANCERS LIKE ME PRETEND ARE UNFASHIONABLE BECAUSE DEEP DOWN THEY SCARE US..."

...AND THEY SCARE US BECAUSE WE TRY TO LIVE OUR LIVES BY THEM BUT WE CAN'T.
WELL, GUESS WHAT? YOU CAN.
YOU CAN AND YOU DO— EVERY DAY.
THANKS TO YOU, THE WORD PRIME STILL MEANS DECENCY AND INTEGRITY AND MORALITY.
LISTEN.
THE WORLD WILL ALWAYS NEED A PRIME...
...BUT ONLY IF THAT PRIME IS YOU.
RODIMUS!
ARGH!
CHOOM
UHRR...
THAT... WAS A MISTAKE.
IS THAT SO?
PERHAPS MY MISTAKE WAS HOPING YOU'D LISTEN TO REASON—THAT YOU WOULD JOIN YOUR FOREBEARS.
NO MATTER. I'VE ALWAYS FELT THE BEST THING ABOUT MISTAKES...

CHOOM
...IS CORRECTING THEM!
YOU—
—URGH!— FORGET!
IN YOUR ANGER, PAX, YOU FORGET—
CHAMM
—I CONTROL THIS UNIVERSE.
LIKE EVERYTHING HERE, YOU SHALL BEND TO MY WILL.
ANGER?
IT'S NOT ANGER I FEEL, NOVA.
IT'S CONFIDENCE.
SLUTCH
CONFIDENCE THAT CREATURES LIKE YOU NEVER REALLY HAVE THE CONTROL YOU THINK YOU DO.
OR MY LEGACY.
YOU DON'T CONTROL THE UNIVERSE.
OR ME.
AARGH!
BUT—
—WAIT!
LISTEN TO REASON!
ORION, PLEASE!
MY NAME...

...IS
OPTIMUS PRIME!

-KAFF!-
-KAFF!-
AMEN TO THAT.
SO...

"...WHAT NOW, EXACTLY?"
AAAIGH!!
YOU SEEM PERTURBED, GALVATRON...

...SURELY ONE SUCH AS YOURSELF CAN WITHSTAND THE SHAME OF ALLOWING MEGATRON TO ESCAPE, WITH THE SPACE BRIDGE STILL IN HIS BODY—
NO... IT... I HAVE A LINK TO THE DEAD UNIVERSE.
I CAN FEEL...

...SOMETHING HAS GONE WRONG.
NOVA HAS FALLEN AT THE HAND OF THE TRUE PRIME!
OPTIMUS PRIME IS FREE—AND HE UNRAVELS OUR PLAN!

"OUR PLAN," GALVATRON?
THERE NEVER WAS "OUR PLAN."
AND NONE OF US—MOST ESPECIALLY NOT OPTIMUS PRIME—
—NEED WORRY ABOUT BEING FREE ANY LONGER.

METALHAWK, DISPOSE OF THE INSECT. HE COWERED WHILE MEGATRON FLED.
AND UNLIKE GALVATRON, HE HAS FULFILLED HIS ROLE.
AS YOU COMMAND.
BUT MAZZTER! WASPINATOR KNEW HE COULDN'T ZZTOP THE AUTOBOTZZ FROM ZZTEALING THE PRIZZONER!

SHOCKWAVE, THIS IS BUT A MINOR SETBACK, WE'LL FIND ANOTHER WAY TO—
ENOUGH. PREPARE YOUR MACHINE.
AH. WELL, THAT... THAT WAS READY HOURS AGO. AFTER ALL, I DO KNOW...

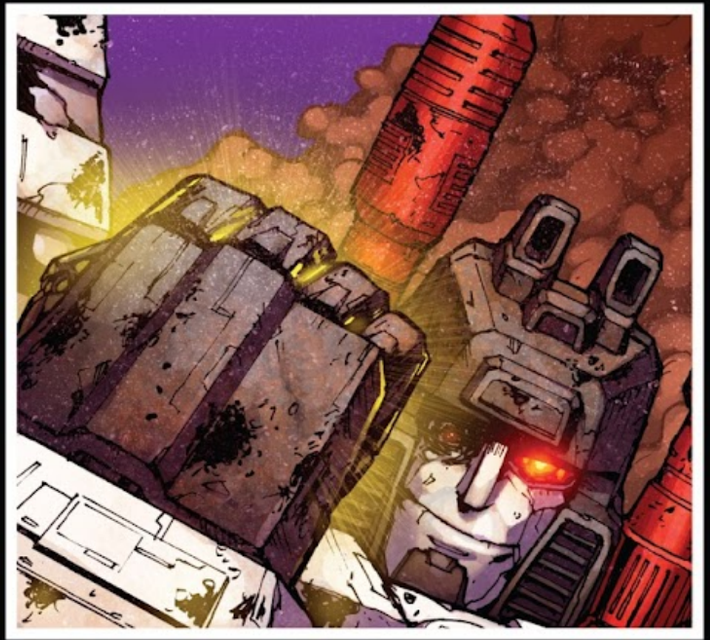
"...TIME IS OF THE ESSENCE."
BUMBLEBEE!
WHAT HAPPENED?!
WHERE'S MEGATRON?
HE'S... I THINK HE'S GONE. HE TOOK THE THUMB AND RAN.
DAMMIT. YOU SHOULD HAVE NEVER GONE BACK FOR HIM, BEE.
PROWL, YOU SMUG PIECE OF...
UK!
I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR SELF-RIGHTEOUS SECOND-GUESSING...
"...I MADE A CHOICE."
YOU'RE }KAF{ GOING TO TELL ME THAT YOUR SOOTHSAYERS SAW THIS COMING, AREN'T YOU, SCOOP?
"A FRETFUL SKY/AN ABSENT SUN..."
GREAT.
"A DISTANT HEAT/ A DEATHLY HAND...
"CITY AGAINST CITY/ WHILE THE PLANET TURNS FROM GOLD TO GRAY/ AND GRAY TO BLACK...

"NO YESTERDAY, NO TOMORROW..."
AAARGH!

"JUST AN EVERLASTING NOW/ FLEETING AND FOREVER..."
I THINK THIS IS IT, EVERYONE.
IF YOU WERE WONDERING WHEN TO OPEN THAT BRIEFCASE AND SAVE THE DAY, BRAINSTORM, NOW WORKS FOR ME.
"CIRCLE, CYCLE, SCYTHE.

"AND THE SIX-SIDED ARCHITECT/ FREETHINKING/ UNBLINKING/ HOLDS THE FATE OF ALL THINGS...

"...IN THE PALM OF HIS HAND."
I HAVE WHAT YOU NEED! TAKE IT, METROPLEX!
TAKE IT!

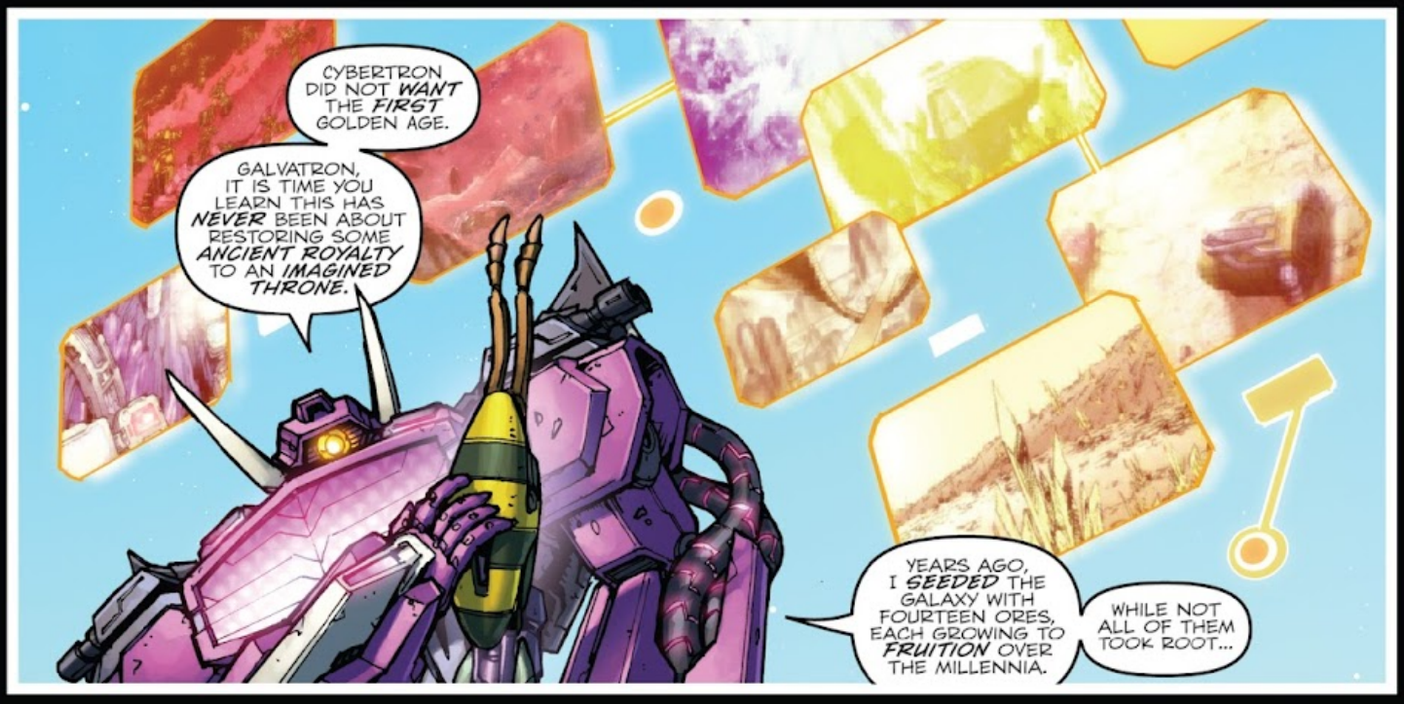


HEY, WHERE'S MY FIST BUMP, BRAINSTORM? WE *WON!*
I KNOW! *THUMBS* UP, EH?
"THUMBS UP"? BECAUSE METROPLEX WAS MISSING HIS—
AM I THE ONLY ONE WITH A SENSE OF HUMOR AROUND HERE?
I'M NOT EVEN LAUGHING ON THE INSIDE.
EVERYONE OKAY DOWN THERE?
WE'RE OKAY...

...CAN'T SAY THE SAME FOR THE *AMMONITES.*
THEY'RE DEADER THAN A *DUOBOT.*
A REJUVENATED METROPLEX MEANS A REJUVENATED IMMUNE SYSTEM...

...ONE THAT CAN ELIMINATE HOSTILE INTRUDERS.
LOOKIT THAT...
...PROWL MUSTA COME UP WITH SOMETHIN'.
WELL, WELL, WELL...
I GUESS YOU COULD SAY—
—OLD STARSCREAM HAS FINALLY SEEN THE LIGHT.
NNNNH...
...BUMBLEBEE... YOU WERE CORRECT...
...THE "GOOD GUYS" DID WIN.
"THEN THAT'S IT..."

...WE FAILED.
THE DARK TITAN HAS FALLEN.
THE PROPHECY IS FALSE.
NOVA IS GONE.
AND CYBERTRON... CYBERTRON DOES NOT WANT A NEW GOLDEN AGE

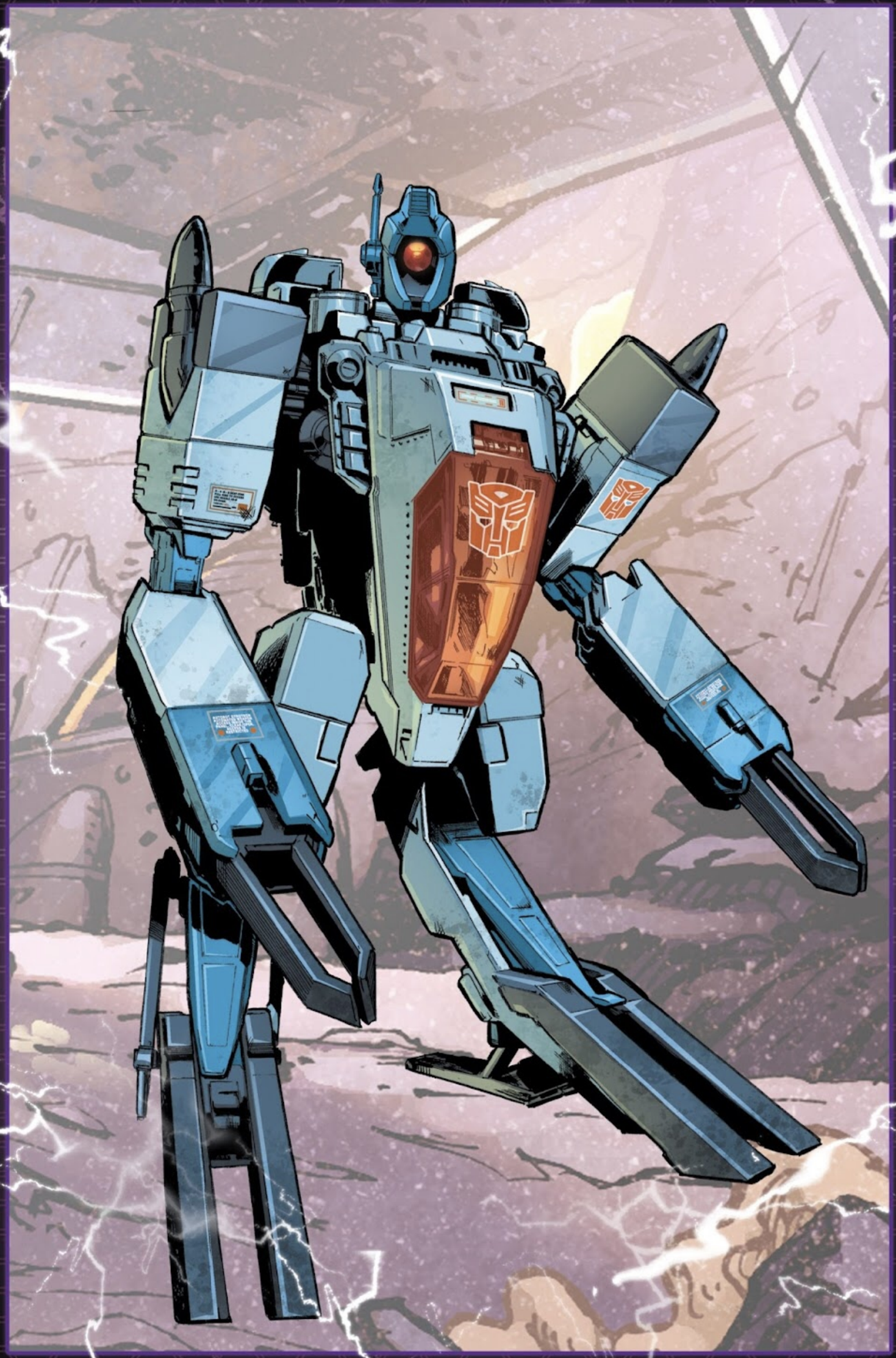

CYBERTRON DID NOT WANT THE FIRST GOLDEN AGE.
GALVATRON, IT IS TIME YOU LEARN THIS HAS NEVER BEEN ABOUT RESTORING SOME ANCIENT ROYALTY TO AN IMAGINED THRONE.
YEARS AGO, I SEEDED THE GALAXY WITH FOURTEEN ORES, EACH GROWING TO FRUITION OVER THE MILLENNIA.
WHILE NOT ALL OF THEM TOOK ROOT...

...THE REST HAVE RETURNED TO CYBERTRON.
JHIAXUS?
YES, MASTER—

—WITH NOVA PRIME'S CONTROL SEVERED, WE ARE READY TO HARNESS THE PRIMAL FORCES OF THE DEAD UNIVERSE.
ALL ITS ENERGY—

—FROM THE DAWN OF CREATION TO THE END OF TIME—SHALL FUEL OUR FINAL VICTORY.
AND YOU, GALVATRON...

...I BELIEVE YOU SAID SOMETHING ABOUT A LINK?



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CHAPTER 10

Art by: ALEX MILNE, BRENDAN CAHILL, and LIVIO RAMONDELLI • Colors by: JOSH PEREZ and LIVIO RAMONDELLI
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THE (RATHER RAPIDLY CONTRACTING) DEAD UNIVERSE.
IT'S NOT HERE. IT'S GONE.
HOW CAN YOU LOSE A GIANT PORTAL?
YOU MEAN, "HOW CAN YOU LOSE A GIANT SHRINKING PORTAL"?
HMM, NOW LET ME SEE...
WHEELIE? GARNAK?
DO YOU READ ME? ARE YOU THERE?
WE LEFT THEM ON THE OTHER SIDE.
THEY WERE GOING TO FLY THROUGH THE PORTAL—THE PORTAL THAT SHOULD STILL BE UP THERE—AND PICK US UP.
THIS IS OPTIMUS PRIME. CAN YOU HEAR ME?
KSSSSK!
DAMMIT.
MAYBE IT'S ACADEMIC—NOVA SAID THE GORLAM PRIME PORTAL WAS ONE WAY.
AND BAD GUYS NEVER LIE, SO...
OPTIMUS? I MIGHT'VE FOUND SOMETHING.
SOME KIND OF DIMENSIONAL FISSURE.
A TEAR.
A TEAR IN THE AIR.
IT'S TINY.
IT MAY BE TINY...

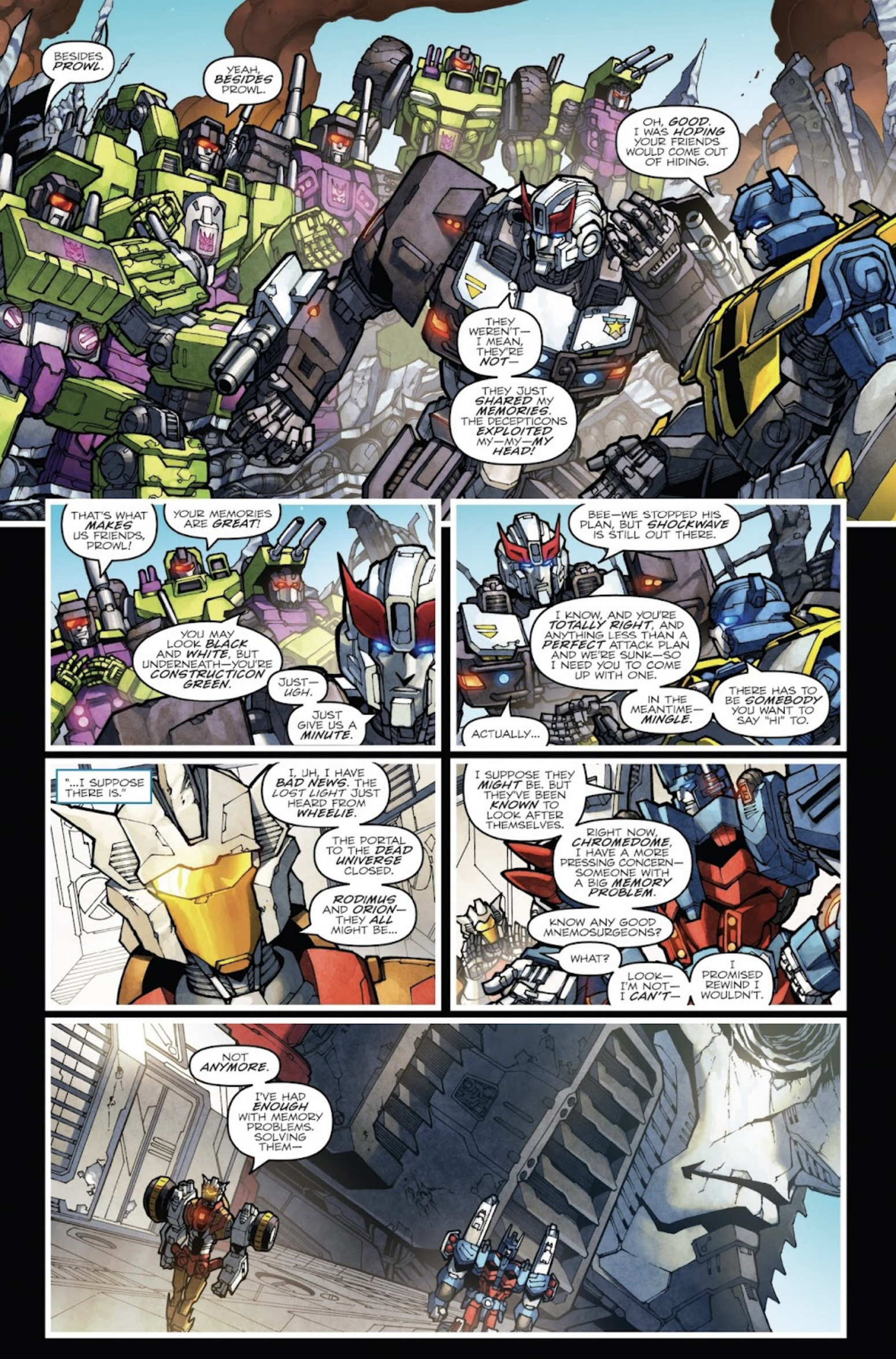
KSSK!
...BUT IT'S BIG ENOUGH TO ADMIT A TRANSMISSION.
—AX?
KSSK!
—AS YOU FEARED— GORLAM PRIME HAS DISAPPEARED.
IS THAT WHEELIE?
AS OF NOW THERE'S NO WAY HOME—TRANSMISSION FADES, YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN!
IT'S WHEELIE.
WHAT'S WITH THE RHYME? IS HE TAKIN' THE—
NO, THAT'S JUST HOW HE SPEAKS. HE CAN'T HELP IT.
AW, SHOOT. NOW I FEEL LOUSY. CAN'T BE EASY STANDIN' OUT 'CAUSE A'YER COCKAMAMIE SPEECH PATTERNS.
...
WITH NO ESCAPE ROUTE I'M FORCED TO CONCLUDE— THAT YOU AND THE OTHERS ARE TOTALLY—
KZZZZK
I THINK WHEELIE JUST HIT THE NAIL ON THE HEAD.
"IT BEGINS..."

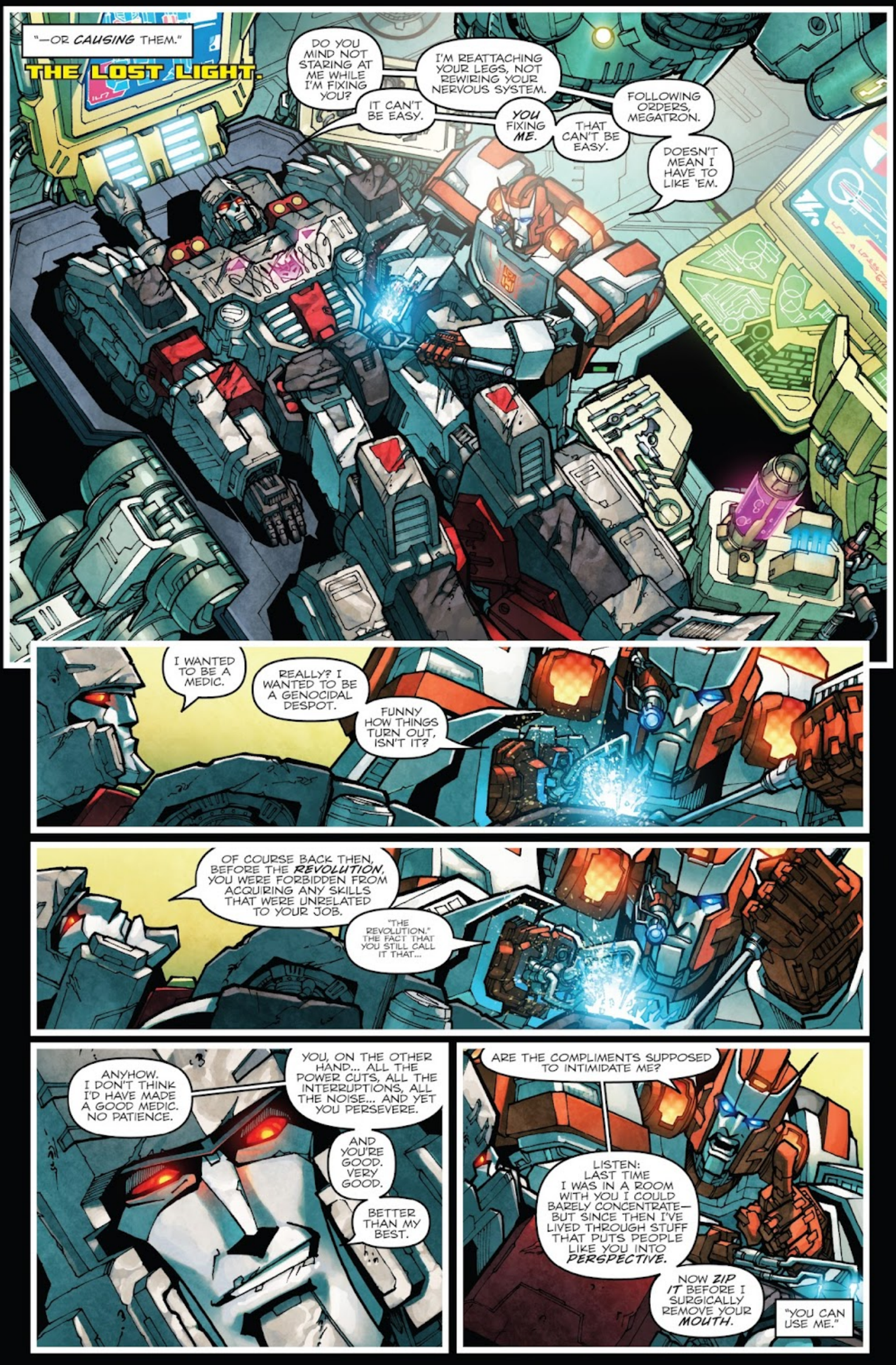
CYBERTRON.
...THE CHRONAL DRIVE REACHES TO THE BEGINNING OF TIME—TO THE INCEPTION OF THE DEAD UNIVERSE.
WE SIPHON AWAY ITS ENERGY—ITS LIFE—BEFORE THE UNIVERSE EVER LIVED. WE CAUSE THAT UNIVERSE TO BE—TO ALWAYS HAVE BEEN—DEAD.
THE LIFE FORCE THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN FLOWS INTO THE HERE AND NOW—FLOWS INTO CYBERTRON.
NO, JHIAXUS—
SHOCKWAVE... YOU... WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU SHALL ACCOMPLISH...?
—THE ENERGY FLOWS TO ME.
THOUGH WE KILL A UNIVERSE, IT IS MERELY FUEL FOR A GRANDER PLAN.
I ACCOMPLISH THE UNTHINKABLE, GALVATRON.
MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO, I SEEDED OUR GALAXY WITH ORES, EACH ABLE TO ALTER A FUNDAMENTAL PROPERTY OF EXISTENCE.
INDIVIDUALLY POWERFUL, BUT WHEN COMBINED...
...THEY ARE UNSTOPPABLE.
ORE-14, RESURRECTION, MERGED WITH ORE-2, DEATH, IN THE DARK TITAN.
THE AMMONITES CAUSED METROPLEX TO DELIVER ORE-7, CHANGE, TO THE MIX...
...AND THE NATURE OF LIFE AND DEATH ARE IRREVOCABLY ALTERED.
"JHIAXUS COMBINED ORE-6, COLD—CAPABLE OF CAUSING HEAT-DEATH, OF STOPPING MOTION AT A SUBATOMIC LEVEL—
"—WITH ORE-8, DESTRUCTION, GRANTING US ABSOLUTE MASTERY OF THE POTENTIAL ENERGY OF ANY OBJECT.
"ORE-13, POWER ITSELF, COMBINES WITH ORE-1, TIME—"
—AND YOU, GALVATRON, SERVE AS CONDUIT TO THE DEAD UNIVERSE.
TAKEN TOGETHER, THE SOLUTION TO THE ULTIMATE EQUATION IS SIMPLE...

"...THE DARK CYBERTRON PROPHECY SHALL BE FULFILLED."
MAKE SURE HE GETS THE BEST TREATMENT HE CAN!
HE SAVED US ALL.
OF COURSE HE DID, AUTOBOT.
DID YOU DOUBT THE STRENGTH AND HONOR OF MEGATRON?
YEAH, YEAH, SOUNDWAVE. JUST—NOBODY START SHOOTING ANYBODY FOR A FEW MINUTES, OKAY, GUYS?
BUMBLEBEE, THIS IS NO TIME FOR CELEBRATION.
COME ON.
WE EARNED A MOMENT.
THIS IS A MIRACLE. THE LOST LIGHT CREW IS ALIVE—THEY'RE BACK—

"—AND THEY'VE MET CYBERTRONIANS WHO, UNLESS I'M HEARING THINGS, REFER TO EACH OTHER AS 'SHE.'
"I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON THERE, BUT IT'S GOT TO BE A GOOD STORY."
NOW THIS?
THIS. I CAN'T WAIT TO HEAR.

AND, UH, HEY, PROWL. LOOK. ABOUT ME TRYING TO CRUSH YOUR NECK—
NO, NO. AS... BIZARRE AS IT IS TO SAY OUT LOUD...
...YOU WERE RIGHT TO TRUST MEGATRON.
YEAH— MEGATRON IS THE BEST!

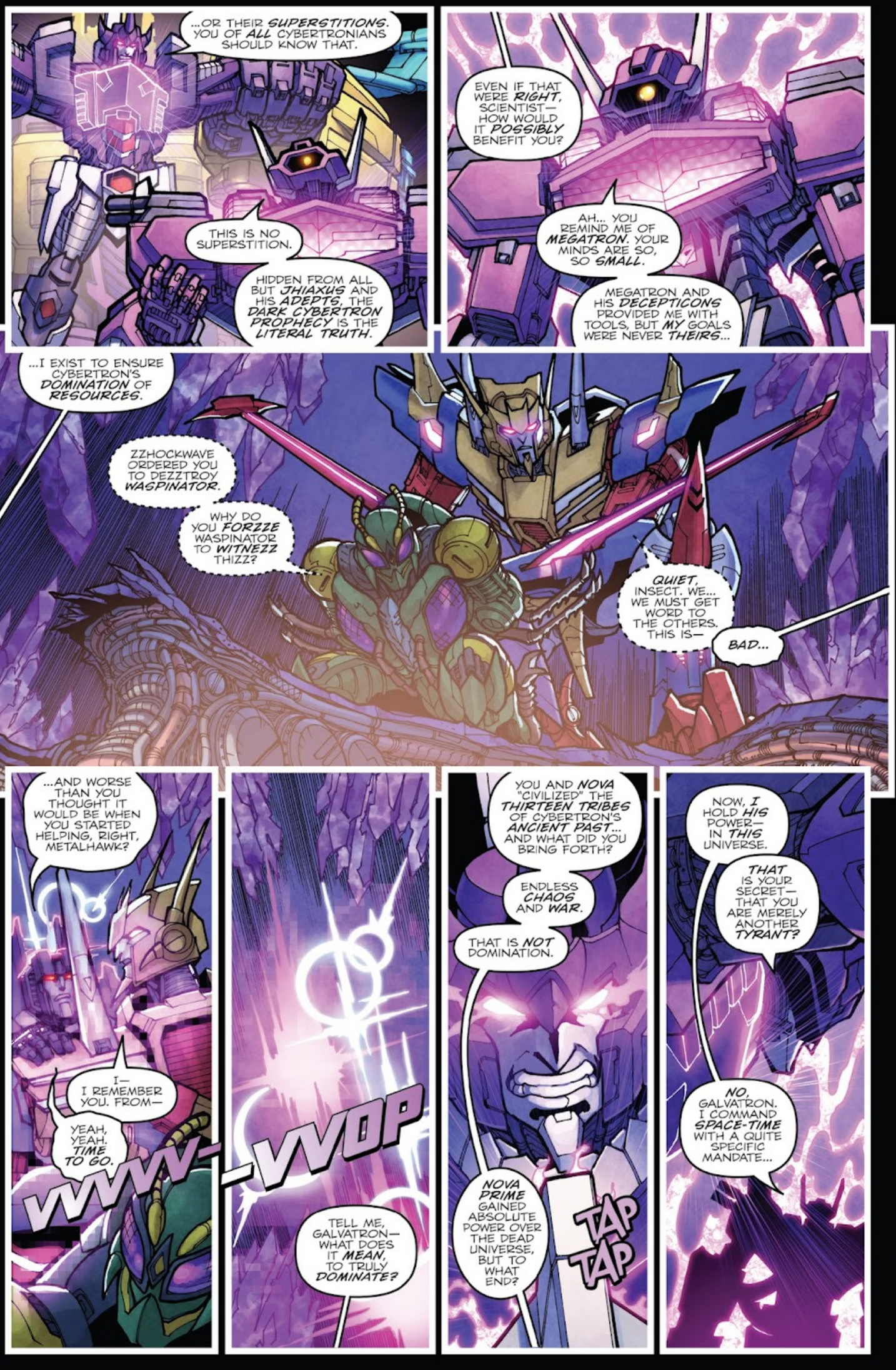

BESIDES PROWL.
YEAH, BESIDES PROWL.
OH, GOOD. I WAS HOPING YOUR FRIENDS WOULD COME OUT OF HIDING.
THEY WEREN'T— I MEAN, THEY'RE NOT—
THEY JUST SHARED MY MEMORIES. THE DECEPTICONS EXPLOITED MY—MY—MY HEAD!
THAT'S WHAT MAKES US FRIENDS, PROWL!
YOUR MEMORIES ARE GREAT!
YOU MAY LOOK BLACK AND WHITE, BUT UNDERNEATH—YOU'RE CONSTRUCTICON GREEN.
JUST— UGH.
JUST GIVE US A MINUTE.
BEE—WE STOPPED HIS PLAN, BUT SHOCKWAVE IS STILL OUT THERE.
I KNOW, AND YOU'RE TOTALLY RIGHT, AND ANYTHING LESS THAN A PERFECT ATTACK PLAN AND WE'RE SUNK—SO I NEED YOU TO COME UP WITH ONE.
IN THE MEANTIME— MINGLE.
THERE HAS TO BE SOMEBODY YOU WANT TO SAY "HI" TO.
ACTUALLY...
"...I SUPPOSE THERE IS."
I, UH, I HAVE BAD NEWS. THE LOST LIGHT JUST HEARD FROM WHEELIE.
THE PORTAL TO THE DEAD UNIVERSE CLOSED.
RODIMUS AND ORION— THEY ALL MIGHT BE...
I SUPPOSE THEY MIGHT BE. BUT THEY'VE BEEN KNOWN TO LOOK AFTER THEMSELVES.
RIGHT NOW, CHROMEDOME, I HAVE A MORE PRESSING CONCERN— SOMEONE WITH A BIG MEMORY PROBLEM.
KNOW ANY GOOD MNEMOSURGEONS?
WHAT?
LOOK— I'M NOT— I CAN'T—
I PROMISED REWIND I WOULDN'T.
NOT ANYMORE.
I'VE HAD ENOUGH WITH MEMORY PROBLEMS. SOLVING THEM—


"—OR CAUSING THEM."
THE LOST LIGHT.
DO YOU MIND NOT STARING AT ME WHILE I'M FIXING YOU?
I'M REATTACHING YOUR LEGS, NOT REWIRING YOUR NERVOUS SYSTEM.
IT CAN'T BE EASY.
YOU FIXING ME.
FOLLOWING ORDERS, MEGATRON.
THAT CAN'T BE EASY.
DOESN'T MEAN I HAVE TO LIKE 'EM.
I WANTED TO BE A MEDIC.
REALLY? I WANTED TO BE A GENOCIDAL DESPOT.
FUNNY HOW THINGS TURN OUT, ISN'T IT?
OF COURSE BACK THEN, BEFORE THE REVOLUTION, YOU WERE FORBIDDEN FROM ACQUIRING ANY SKILLS THAT WERE UNRELATED TO YOUR JOB.
"THE REVOLUTION." THE FACT THAT YOU STILL CALL IT THAT...
ANYHOW. I DON'T THINK I'D HAVE MADE A GOOD MEDIC. NO PATIENCE.
YOU, ON THE OTHER HAND... ALL THE POWER CUTS, ALL THE INTERRUPTIONS, ALL THE NOISE... AND YET YOU PERSEVERE.
AND YOU'RE GOOD. VERY GOOD.
BETTER THAN MY BEST.
ARE THE COMPLIMENTS SUPPOSED TO INTIMIDATE ME?
LISTEN: LAST TIME I WAS IN A ROOM WITH YOU I COULD BARELY CONCENTRATE— BUT SINCE THEN I'VE LIVED THROUGH STUFF THAT PUTS PEOPLE LIKE YOU INTO PERSPECTIVE.
NOW ZIP IT BEFORE I SURGICALLY REMOVE YOUR MOUTH.
"YOU CAN USE ME."

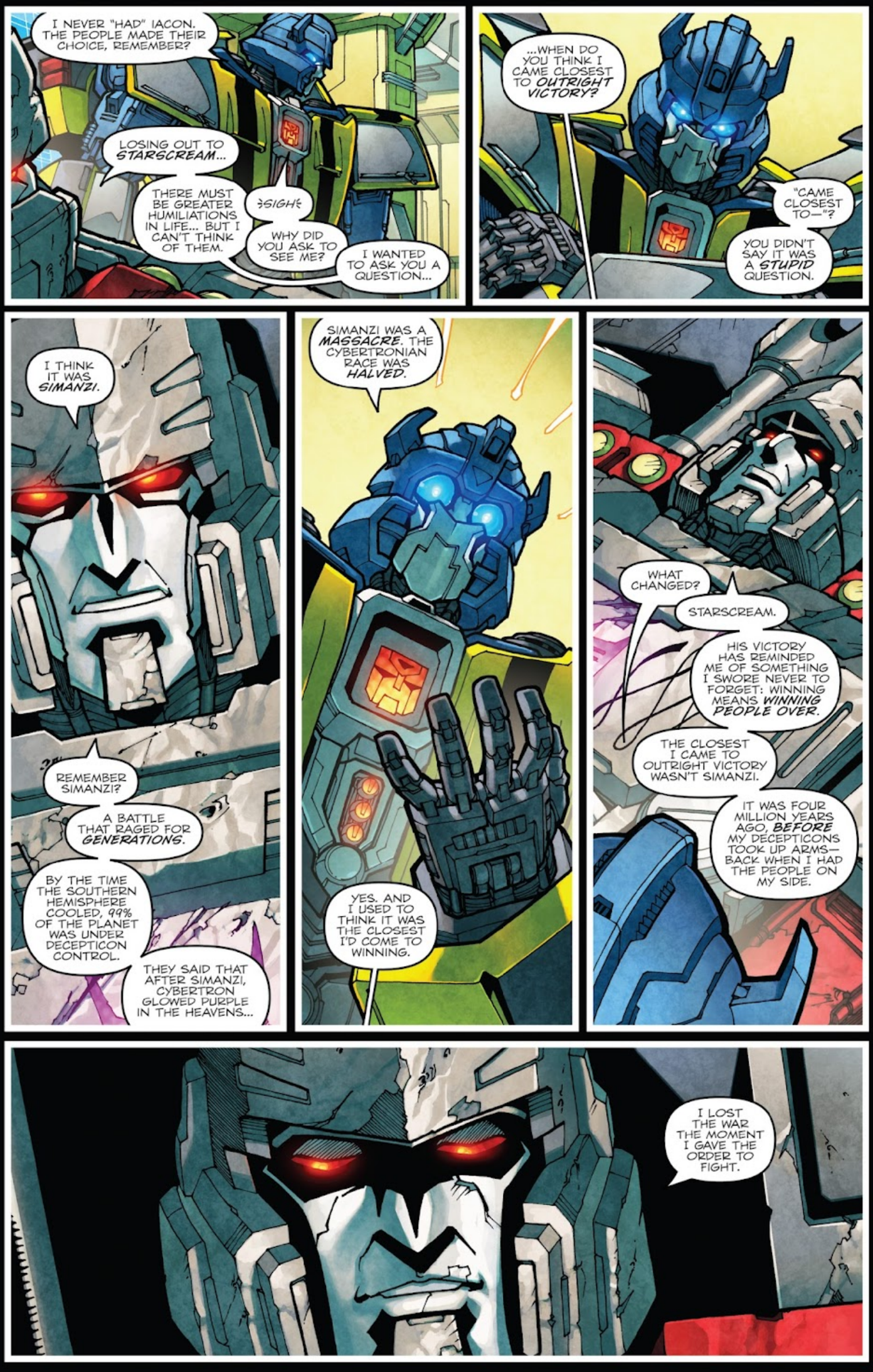
USE YOU, KUP?
AS A PORTAL. A WAY TO GET HOME.
I WAS HOLDIN' BACK BEFORE—I DIDN'T WANT NOVA GETTIN' WHAT HE WANTED.
BUT YOU'LL BE STUCK HERE.
YEAH, AND YOUR POINT?
NO. NOT COMFORTABLE WITH THAT.
IF ANYONE'S GOING TO SACRIFICE THEMSELVES, IT SHOULD BE ME.
I SCREWED YOU AROUND AND I'M DEAD.
I DON'T EVEN KNOW IF I'D SURVIVE ON THE OTHER SIDE.
SEEMS EVERY OTHER DEAD UNIVERSE NATIVE HAS A PORTAL INSIDE THEM. MAYBE I HAVE, TOO.
ENOUGH DISCUSSION. I THINK—
NO!
JUST—NO. DON'T EVEN GO THERE.
YOU ARE NOT—IN ANY WAY, SHAPE, OR FORM—DYING SO THAT WE DON'T HAVE TO.
NOR IS KUP, NOR IS NIGHTBEAT.
CYCLONUS, I NOTICE YOU DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING.
KNOW WHAT'D BE NICE?
FOR A BUNCH OF AUTOBOTS IN GRAVE DANGER TO HAVE A CONVERSATION THAT DOESN'T INVOLVE SEEING WHO HAS THE BIGGEST SELFLESS STREAK.
ACTUALLY, I WAS GOING TO SAY, "I THINK I CAN HEAR SOMETHING."
YOU KNOW WHAT? SO CAN I. IT SOUNDS LIKE—SHOUTING?
NOT SHOUTING...
...SINGING.

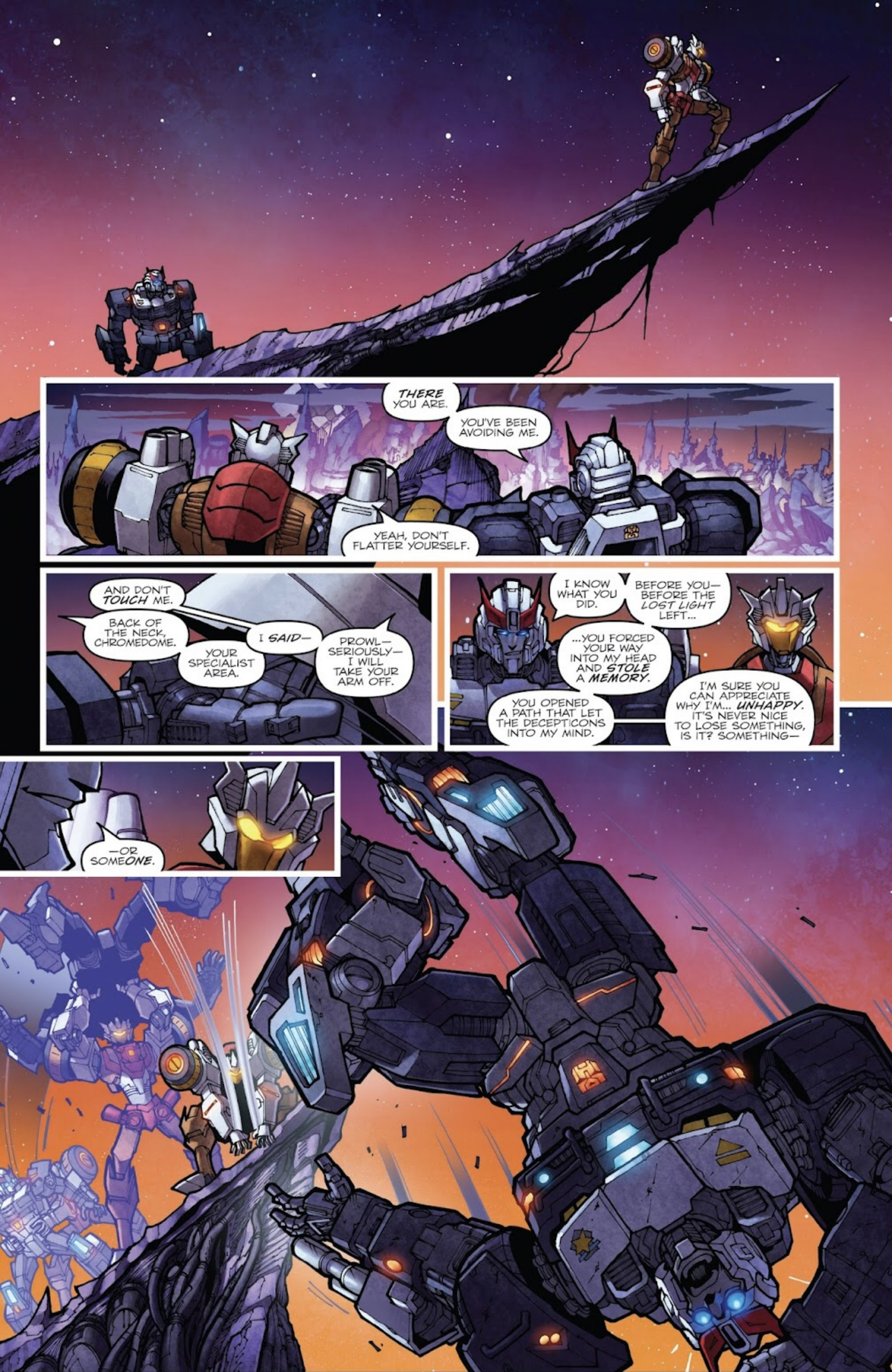
FOUR MILLION YEARS.
FOUR MILLION YEARS OF WAR. FOUR MILLION YEARS OF RUNNING BATTLES AND RUINED LIVES—OF CONTINENTS PILED HIGH WITH CORPSES.
TWO SIDES—US AND THEM, THEM AND US—DEDICATING ALL THEIR TIME AND ENERGY TO WIPING EACH OTHER OUT.
FOUR MILLION YEARS OF *THAT*...
...AND WE ALL END UP IN THE BAR.
I WAS BOOORN ON LUNA 2 / A BUNCH A' WALKIN' ODDS AND ENDS / DIDN'T KNOOOW WHAT TO DO / 'CEPT FIND MYSELF SOME FRIENDS
ALL TOGETHER!
BUT THE 'BOTS DON'T WANT ME AND THE 'CONS DON'T WANT ME AND THE SENATE DON'T WANT ME AND THE CIRCLE DON'T WANT ME I'M A LONELY CY-BER-TRO-NIAN!
NOISY.
MAGNUS SHOULD COME DOWN HERE AND SORT 'EM OUT. MAYBE KILL ONE OF THEM.
JUST ONE. THAT'S ALL IT'D TAKE. ONE OR TWO. SET AN EXAMPLE.
AW, LET 'EM SING, ***BRAINSTORM***. IT'S NOT EVERY DAY WE GET TO DEFEAT A NECROTITAN.
ER—SORRY, BLUESTREAK, DEFEAT A *WHAT*?
A NECROTITAN.
A "*NEK*-CRO-TITAN"? WHAT'S A "*NEK*-CRO-TITAN"?
HOW DO *YOU* SAY IT?
THE *PROPER* WAY. "*KNEE*-CRO-TITAN."
UGH. YOU'RE WEIRD.
I WAS A LOWLY KNOCK-OFF / MADE TO MEASURE, MADE TO FIGHT
WHY ARE YOU SO GRUMPY, ANYWAY?
REASONS.
...
I'M IN PAIN. SPARKACHE. STRESS-RELATED.
GUYS, GUYS! OVER THERE—

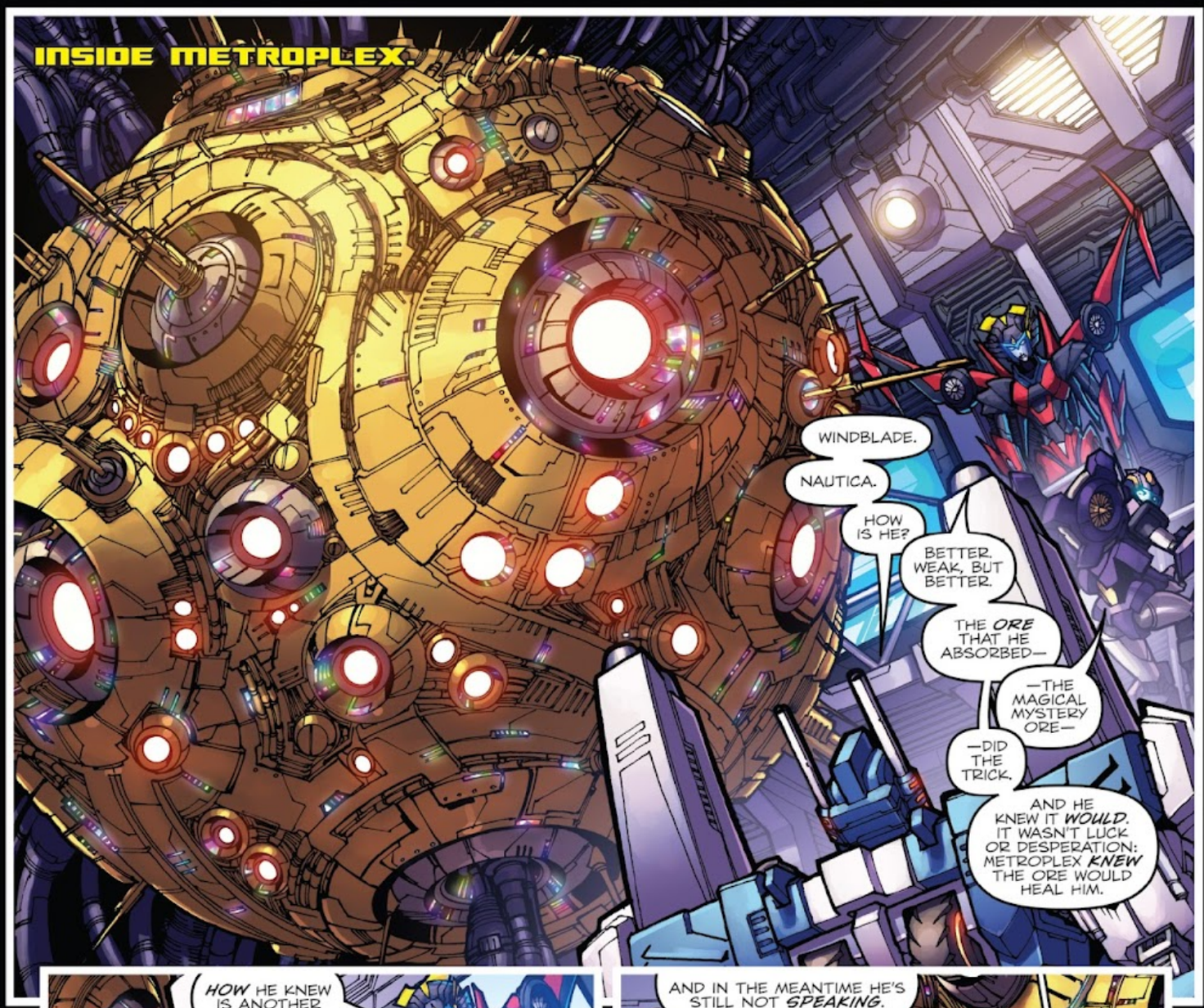
—LOOK WHO JUST WALKED IN!
QUART OF ENGEX, PLEASE. HOT. SMELTING POOL HOT.
<INCOMPREHENSIBLE BABBLING>
OR... A SHOT OF NIGHTMARE FUEL IF YOU'RE OUT OF THE PINK STUFF.
<HIGH-PITCHED WHINE>
NICE PLACE. COULD MAYBE DO WITH SOME MUSIC, THOUGH.
I COULD SUBSPACE YOU SOME TUNES...
SWERVE'S CAUSE OF DEATH: HERO WORSHIP.
OH-MAN-OH-MAN-OH-MAN-BLURR'S-HERE-DON'T-LOOK-OH-MAN-THIS-IS-I-SAID-DON'T-LOOK-THIS-IS-SO-EPIC-I-THINK-I'M-GONNA-DIE.
ARE YOU DOING AN IMPRESSION OF HIM?
I'M SO EXCITED I THINK MY INNERMOST ENERGON JUST REACHED BOILING POINT.
AAAAAND I'M OUTTA THIS CONVERSATION.
PIECE OF ADVICE, SWERVESTER—
"—JUST PLAY IT COOL."
I'M A FAN. BIG FAN.
BIT OF A STALKER, YOU COULD SAY! HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-NO, JOKING.
HOPE YOU DON'T MIND ME SHAKING YOUR HAND FOR A FEW MINUTES.
ER— NOT AT ALL. NICE TO MEET YOU.
HEY, CROSSCUT— WHO WAS THAT LITTLE THREE-FINGERED GUY?
GAH!
I SHOULD KNOW THIS. HE INTRODUCED HIMSELF TO ME YESTERDAY.
WHY?
HE'S REALLY ANNOYING.
"NEVER PLACE FAITH IN OTHER PEOPLE..."


...OR THEIR SUPERSTITIONS. YOU OF ALL CYBERTRONIANS SHOULD KNOW THAT.
THIS IS NO SUPERSTITION.
HIDDEN FROM ALL BUT JHIAXUS AND HIS ADEPTS, THE DARK CYBERTRON PROPHECY IS THE LITERAL TRUTH.
EVEN IF THAT WERE RIGHT, SCIENTIST— HOW WOULD IT POSSIBLY BENEFIT YOU?
AH... YOU REMIND ME OF MEGATRON. YOUR MINDS ARE SO, SO SMALL.
MEGATRON AND HIS DECEPTICONS PROVIDED ME WITH TOOLS, BUT MY GOALS WERE NEVER THEIRS...
...I EXIST TO ENSURE CYBERTRON'S DOMINATION OF RESOURCES.
ZZHOCKWAVE ORDERED YOU TO DEZZTROY WASPINATOR.
WHY DO YOU FORZZE WASPINATOR TO WITNEZZ THIZZ?
QUIET, INSECT. WE... WE MUST GET WORD TO THE OTHERS. THIS IS—
BAD...
...AND WORSE THAN YOU THOUGHT IT WOULD BE WHEN YOU STARTED HELPING, RIGHT, METALHAWK?
I— I REMEMBER YOU. FROM—
YEAH, YEAH. TIME TO GO.
VVVVV-
-VVOP
TELL ME, GALVATRON— WHAT DOES IT MEAN, TO TRULY DOMINATE?
YOU AND NOVA "CIVILIZED" THE THIRTEEN TRIBES OF CYBERTRON'S ANCIENT PAST... AND WHAT DID YOU BRING FORTH?
ENDLESS CHAOS AND WAR.
THAT IS NOT DOMINATION.
NOVA PRIME GAINED ABSOLUTE POWER OVER THE DEAD UNIVERSE, BUT TO WHAT END?
TAP TAP
NOW, I HOLD HIS POWER— IN THIS UNIVERSE.
THAT IS YOUR SECRET— THAT YOU ARE MERELY ANOTHER TYRANT?
NO, GALVATRON. I COMMAND SPACE-TIME WITH A QUITE SPECIFIC MANDATE...

"...I COMMAND IT TO *END*."
WELL? WHAT DO YOU THINK?
UH HUH. YOU *CARE* WHAT I THINK, RIGHT, ARCEE?
YOU CARE WHAT *EVERYBODY* THINKS.
BUT SINCE YOU ASKED, I LIKE IT *FINE*.
FRESH START, IS IT? NEW BODY, NEW OUTLOOK?
YES, EXACTLY. I'VE DECIDED TO BECOME *THAT* SENTIMENTAL.
OOOOH-KAY... MOVING ON...
...IF YOU CAME HERE LOOKING FOR BUMBLEBEE, HE'S NEXT DOOR, WITH MEGATRON—
"—LAUGHING."
IF YOU'VE QUITE FINISHED...
AH, I'M SORRY, BUT—
—IN WHAT *POSSIBLE* WAY ARE YOU AND I "SIMILAR"?
WE BOTH HAD *IACON* AND LOST IT.

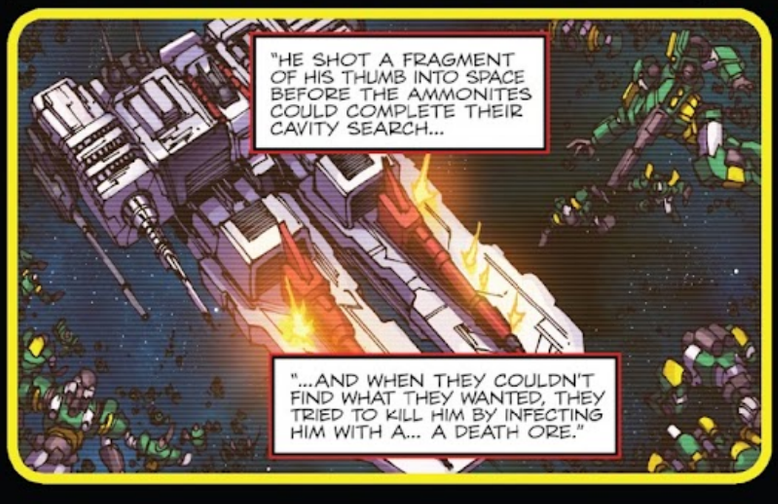

I NEVER "HAD" IACON. THE PEOPLE MADE THEIR CHOICE, REMEMBER?
LOSING OUT TO STARSCREAM...
THERE MUST BE GREATER HUMILIATIONS IN LIFE... BUT I CAN'T THINK OF THEM.
}SIGH{
WHY DID YOU ASK TO SEE ME?
I WANTED TO ASK YOU A QUESTION...
...WHEN DO YOU THINK I CAME CLOSEST TO OUTRIGHT VICTORY?
"CAME CLOSEST TO—"?
YOU DIDN'T SAY IT WAS A STUPID QUESTION.
I THINK IT WAS SIMANZI.
REMEMBER SIMANZI?
A BATTLE THAT RAGED FOR GENERATIONS.
BY THE TIME THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE COOLED, 99% OF THE PLANET WAS UNDER DECEPTICON CONTROL.
THEY SAID THAT AFTER SIMANZI, CYBERTRON GLOWED PURPLE IN THE HEAVENS...
SIMANZI WAS A MASSACRE. THE CYBERTRONIAN RACE WAS HALVED.
YES. AND I USED TO THINK IT WAS THE CLOSEST I'D COME TO WINNING.
WHAT CHANGED?
STARSCREAM.
HIS VICTORY HAS REMINDED ME OF SOMETHING I SWORE NEVER TO FORGET: WINNING MEANS WINNING PEOPLE OVER.
THE CLOSEST I CAME TO OUTRIGHT VICTORY WASN'T SIMANZI.
IT WAS FOUR MILLION YEARS AGO, BEFORE MY DECEPTICONS TOOK UP ARMS—BACK WHEN I HAD THE PEOPLE ON MY SIDE.
I LOST THE WAR THE MOMENT I GAVE THE ORDER TO FIGHT.


THERE YOU ARE.
YOU'VE BEEN AVOIDING ME.
YEAH, DON'T FLATTER YOURSELF.
AND DON'T TOUCH ME.
BACK OF THE NECK, CHROMEDOME.
I SAID—
YOUR SPECIALIST AREA.
PROWL—SERIOUSLY—I WILL TAKE YOUR ARM OFF.
I KNOW WHAT YOU DID.
BEFORE YOU—BEFORE THE LOST LIGHT LEFT...
...YOU FORCED YOUR WAY INTO MY HEAD AND STOLE A MEMORY.
YOU OPENED A PATH THAT LET THE DECEPTICONS INTO MY MIND.
I'M SURE YOU CAN APPRECIATE WHY I'M... UNHAPPY. IT'S NEVER NICE TO LOSE SOMETHING, IS IT? SOMETHING—
—OR SOMEONE.


INSIDE METROPLEX.
WINDBLADE.
NAUTICA.
HOW IS HE?
BETTER. WEAK, BUT BETTER.
THE ORE THAT HE ABSORBED—
—THE MAGICAL MYSTERY ORE—
—DID THE TRICK.
AND HE KNEW IT WOULD. IT WASN'T LUCK OR DESPERATION: METROPLEX KNEW THE ORE WOULD HEAL HIM.

HOW HE KNEW IS ANOTHER QUESTION...
CAN WE USE IT TO HEAL THE OTHERS? THE INJURED AUTOBOTS?
DON'T GET YOUR HOPES UP—IT SEEMS TO HAVE BECOME... INERT.
CHROMIA AND YOUR FRIEND—PERCEPTOR?—ARE ANALYZING THE ORE.

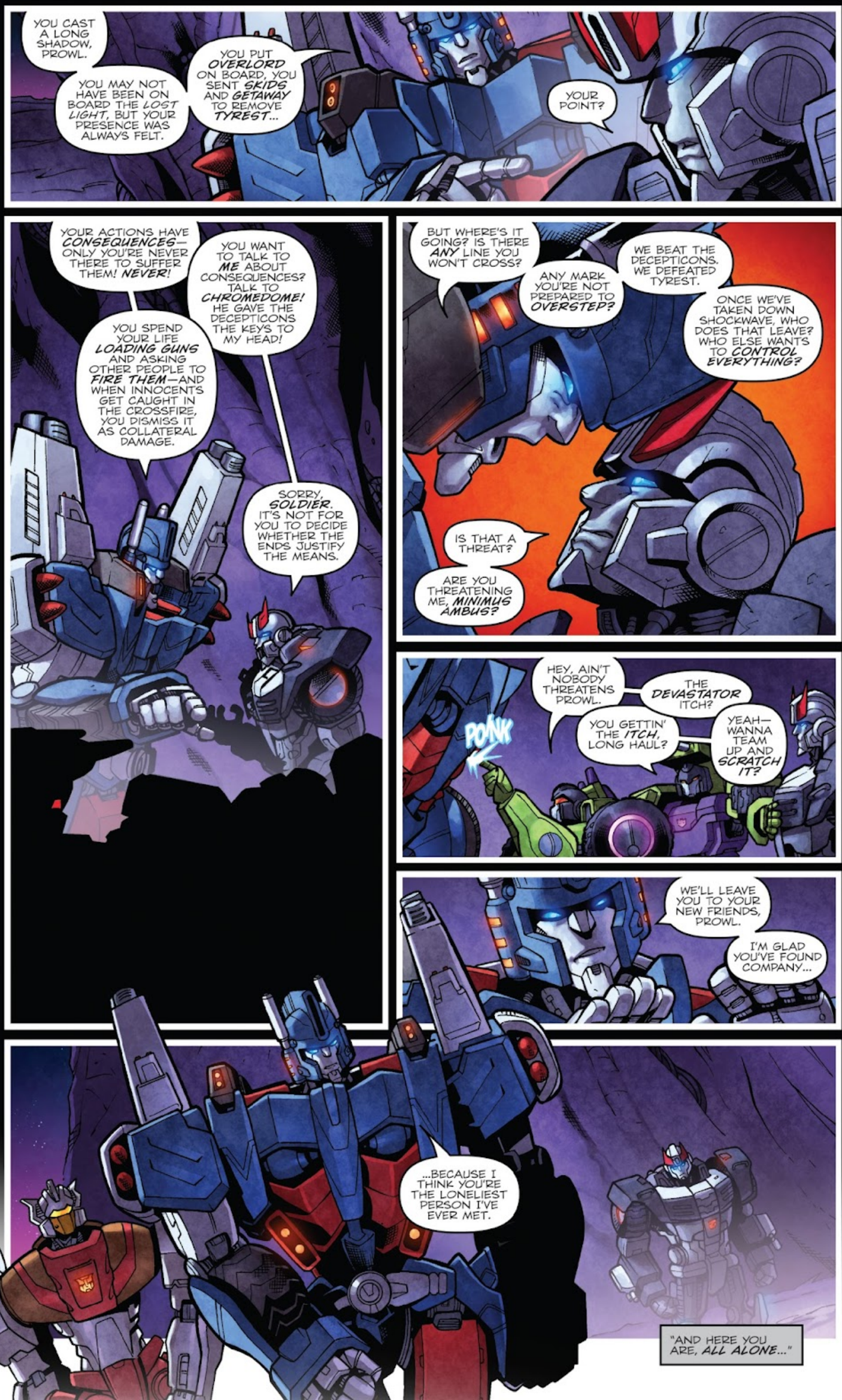
AND IN THE MEANTIME HE'S STILL NOT SPEAKING. ARE YOU STILL...?
HE AND I ARE STILL "TALKING," YES. I CAN STILL READ HIS BRAIN.
MOSTLY COMPLAINING ABOUT HOW HE GOT SICK.
HE SAYS A THOUSAND AMMONITES BROKE INTO HIM AND RAN AMOK. THEY WERE LOOKING FOR THE ORE.


"HE SHOT A FRAGMENT OF HIS THUMB INTO SPACE BEFORE THE AMMONITES COULD COMPLETE THEIR CAVITY SEARCH...
"...AND WHEN THEY COULDN'T FIND WHAT THEY WANTED, THEY TRIED TO KILL HIM BY INFECTING HIM WITH A... A DEATH ORE."

FOLLOWING ORDERS, NO DOUBT. SHOCKWAVE WOULDN'T HAVE MISSED AN OPPORTUNITY TO REMOVE METROPLEX FROM THE PICTURE.
THE JUMP TO HYDROPHENA—THE OCEAN PLANET—LAID HIM LOW.
AS SOON AS HE COULD, HE BEGAN PULLING HIS THUMB—AND THE CURE—BACK TOWARD HIM.

AND IT TOOK THE LOST LIGHT WITH IT...
YOU WERE GOING TO ASK HIM ABOUT THE KNIGHTS OF CYBERTRON, WEREN'T YOU?
THAT'S WHY YOU'RE HERE. THAT'S WHY YOU'RE SO INTERESTED IN HIM SPEAKING.
I'M SORRY, I DIDN'T MEAN TO BE—
I DIDN'T MEAN TO ACCUSE YOU OF ANYTHING.
IT'S JUST— I'VE HEARD ABOUT YOUR QUEST.
I WAS HOPING METROPLEX COULD TELL ME HOW TO FIND THE KNIGHTS, AND WHETHER THEY EVER SPOKE TO HIM ABOUT CYBERUTOPIA, AND—
—AND HE'S A TITAN. HE'S SUPPOSED TO KNOW THESE THINGS.
WHY DIDN'T ANYONE ASK HIM THREE MILLION YEARS AGO, WHEN HE WAS ACTING AS AUTOBOT CITY IN IACON?
WE DID ASK HIM—AND HE ALWAYS REFUSED TO ANSWER.
I THOUGHT THAT WITH EVERYTHING THAT'S HAPPENED SINCE, HE MIGHT—
EXCUSE ME. SOMEONE'S TRYING TO GET THROUGH.
MAGNUS.
UH-HUH.
RED-ON-RED? OH, WHOOPEE DO.
NO, NO. I'LL DEAL WITH IT PERSONALLY.
I HAVE TO GO. TROUBLE OUTSIDE.
ULTRA MAGNUS— WAIT.
WE ALREADY ASKED HIM. METROPLEX.
ABOUT THE KNIGHTS. WEEKS AGO, WHEN WE STARTED LOOKING AFTER HIM.
I'M INTERESTED IN THESE THINGS, SEE, AND IT WAS THE FIRST TIME WE'D... WELL—IT WAS TOO GOOD AN OPPORTUNITY.
AND WHAT DID HE SAY? WHAT DID HE TELL YOU?
...
HE WOULDN'T TELL ME ANYTHING. HE SAID...

"...HE SAID NONE OF US DESERVED TO KNOW."
COME ON, PROWL, ON YOUR FEET.
I'M JUST WARMING UP.
GET HIM, PROWL!
YEAH, YOU CAN TAKE DOWN CLOWNDOME!
GOOD ONE!
YOU'RE JUST LIKE THE OTHERS: BEE, RODIMUS, SPRINGER— EVERYONE.
YOU'RE SO PREOCCUPIED WITH THE DAY-TO-DAY, SO DISTRACTED BY LITTLE THINGS LIKE QUESTS AND FEUDS AND FRIENDSHIPS, THAT YOU MISS THE BIGGER PICTURE.
I'M SORRY THAT REWIND DIED, BUT FOR GOODNESS' SAKE—
—GET SOME PERSPECTIVE!
ENOUGH!
THIS ILL-BECOMES YOU.
BOTH OF YOU.
MANHANDLING A SENIOR OFFICER... HARDLY APPROPRIATE BEHAVIOR FOR THE DULY APPOINTED ENFORCER OF THE TYREST ACCORD.
DIDN'T YOU HEAR? I QUIT— ALTHOUGH I CAN STILL MAKE A CITIZEN'S ARREST.
OH?
AND WHAT'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN?


YOU CAST A LONG SHADOW, PROWL.
YOU MAY NOT HAVE BEEN ON BOARD THE LOST LIGHT, BUT YOUR PRESENCE WAS ALWAYS FELT.
YOU PUT OVERLORD ON BOARD, YOU SENT SKIDS AND GETAWAY TO REMOVE TYREST...
YOUR POINT?
YOUR ACTIONS HAVE CONSEQUENCES—ONLY YOU'RE NEVER THERE TO SUFFER THEM! NEVER!
YOU WANT TO TALK TO ME ABOUT CONSEQUENCES? TALK TO CHROMEDOME! HE GAVE THE DECEPTICONS THE KEYS TO MY HEAD!
YOU SPEND YOUR LIFE LOADING GUNS AND ASKING OTHER PEOPLE TO FIRE THEM—AND WHEN INNOCENTS GET CAUGHT IN THE CROSSFIRE, YOU DISMISS IT AS COLLATERAL DAMAGE.
SORRY, SOLDIER. IT'S NOT FOR YOU TO DECIDE WHETHER THE ENDS JUSTIFY THE MEANS.
BUT WHERE'S IT GOING? IS THERE ANY LINE YOU WON'T CROSS?
ANY MARK YOU'RE NOT PREPARED TO OVERSTEP?
WE BEAT THE DECEPTICONS. WE DEFEATED TYREST.
ONCE WE'VE TAKEN DOWN SHOCKWAVE, WHO DOES THAT LEAVE? WHO ELSE WANTS TO CONTROL EVERYTHING?
IS THAT A THREAT?
ARE YOU THREATENING ME, MINIMUS AMBUS?
PONK
HEY, AIN'T NOBODY THREATENS PROWL.
THE DEVASTATOR ITCH?
YOU GETTIN' THE ITCH, LONG HAUL?
YEAH—WANNA TEAM UP AND SCRATCH IT?
WE'LL LEAVE YOU TO YOUR NEW FRIENDS, PROWL.
I'M GLAD YOU'VE FOUND COMPANY...
...BECAUSE I THINK YOU'RE THE LONELIEST PERSON I'VE EVER MET.
"AND HERE YOU ARE, ALL ALONE..."

...FEELING BLUE BECAUSE THE WORLD DIDN'T END.
SO MUCH FOR THAT "DARK CYBERTRON" PROPHECY OF YOURS, SCOOP, OL' PAL...
WAP
EVEN WITH THE SUN DOWN, EVERYTHING'S LOOKING PRETTY BRIGHT TO ME.
YER A LOSER, SCOOP.

STARSCREAM AND RATTRAP, TOGETHER AGAIN. LIKE NOTHING EVER HAPPENED.
I DUNNO WHAT YER TALKIN' 'BOUT.
PRIVATE MATTERS BETWEEN RATTRAP AND MYSELF WILL BE DEALT WITH PRIVATELY.

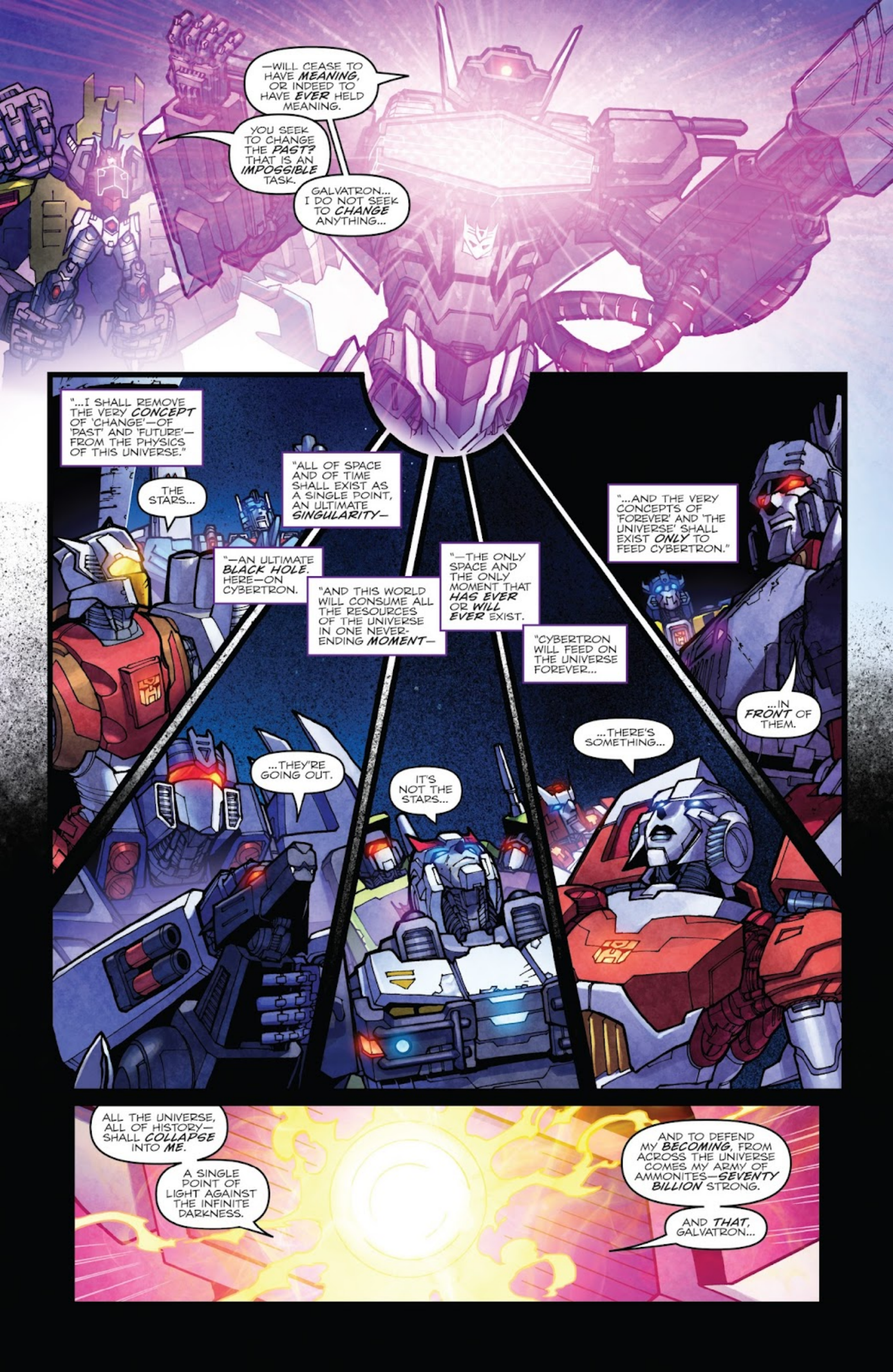
I IMAGINE YOU'RE LOOKING FOR SOME WAY TO SPIN THIS TO YOUR ADVANTAGE.
HEY, NO SPIN NEEDED—I'M THE GUY THAT CALLED THE LOST LIGHT!
IF IT WASN'T FOR ME, WE'D ALL BE—
YOU NEVER LEARN ANYTHING.

YOU'RE THE ONE WITH THE LESSONS BEING HANDED TO YOU, SCOOP.
"DON'T BELIEVE WHAT YOU READ." "DON'T CROSS STARSCREAM."
"DON'T COUNT ON YOUR FRIENDS TO BE THERE WHEN YOU'RE DOWN."
WHERE'D YOU HEAR ALL THAT PROPHECY NONSENSE, ANYWAY?

STARSCREAM... I CAN'T BELIEVE I BELIEVED IN YOU.
I LEARNED ABOUT IT IN THE ACADEMY.
THE—YOU WHAT?
THE JHIAXAN ACADEMY. BEFORE THE WAR.

SENATOR SHOCKWAVE TAUGHT ME ABOUT DARK CYBERTRON.
SHOCKWAVE?!
HE SEEMED LIKE A NICE GUY BACK THEN, BEFORE ALL THE SHADOWPLAY AND—
THIS DIDN'T SEEM LIKE AN IMPORTANT PIECE OF INFORMATION TO SHARE?!
STARSCREAM— DON'T LET THE LITTLE THINGS GET YOU DOWN...

...NOT WHEN THERE ARE SO MANY BIGGER THINGS.
METALHAWK! LOOK, THERE WAS A BIG MISUNDERSTANDING. AND, UH, HI, SKYWARP, OL' PAL...
WE'RE NOT HERE TO TALK, TRAITOR.
NO, WE ARE CERTAINLY NOT.
BLASSH
HEY!
SORRY, STARSCREAM. ITCHY TRIGGER FINGER, WHEN IT COMES TO YOU.
I—I CAN IMAGINE.
SO, YOU'RE HERE TO KILL ME.
UNFORTUNATELY OUR PURPOSE IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN THAT.
AW. AW, NO.
YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO SAY.
OH, I DEFINITELY DO.
I ASSURE YOU, THIS SITUATION IS MUCH WORSE THAN YOU BELIEVE.
YEAH...
...THAT'S WHAT THEY ALL SAY.
"ALL THAT EVER WAS AND ALL THAT EVER WILL BE—"


—WILL CEASE TO HAVE MEANING, OR INDEED TO HAVE EVER HELD MEANING.
YOU SEEK TO CHANGE THE PAST? THAT IS AN IMPOSSIBLE TASK.
GALVATRON... I DO NOT SEEK TO CHANGE ANYTHING...
"...I SHALL REMOVE THE VERY CONCEPT OF 'CHANGE'—OF 'PAST' AND 'FUTURE'—FROM THE PHYSICS OF THIS UNIVERSE."
THE STARS...
"—AN ULTIMATE BLACK HOLE. HERE—ON CYBERTRON.
"ALL OF SPACE AND OF TIME SHALL EXIST AS A SINGLE POINT, AN ULTIMATE SINGULARITY—
"AND THIS WORLD WILL CONSUME ALL THE RESOURCES OF THE UNIVERSE IN ONE NEVER-ENDING MOMENT—
"—THE ONLY SPACE AND THE ONLY MOMENT THAT HAS EVER OR WILL EVER EXIST.
"CYBERTRON WILL FEED ON THE UNIVERSE FOREVER...
"...AND THE VERY CONCEPTS OF 'FOREVER' AND 'THE UNIVERSE' SHALL EXIST ONLY TO FEED CYBERTRON."
...IN FRONT OF THEM.
...THERE'S SOMETHING...
...THEY'RE GOING OUT.
IT'S NOT THE STARS...
ALL THE UNIVERSE, ALL OF HISTORY—SHALL COLLAPSE INTO ME.
A SINGLE POINT OF LIGHT AGAINST THE INFINITE DARKNESS.
AND TO DEFEND MY BECOMING, FROM ACROSS THE UNIVERSE COMES MY ARMY OF AMMONITES—SEVENTY BILLION STRONG.
AND THAT, GALVATRON...

"...THAT IS HOW ONE DOMINATES."
THE BECOMING
DARK CYBERTRON CHAPTER 10

Cover by: PHIL JIMENEZ • Colors by: ROMULO FAJARDO, JR.

CHAPTER 11

Art by: ANDREW GRIFFITH • Colors by: JOSH PEREZ
Letters by: TOM B. LONG

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IACON.
TODAY.
BLACK PLANET
DARK CYBERTRON CHAPTER 11

IACON.
SEVERAL MONTHS AGO.
THEY WERE KNOWN AS THE KNIGHTS OF CYBERTRON. THEY'RE REAL. I'M GOING TO FIND THEM. AND I WANT ALL OF YOU TO COME WITH ME.
HOW MUCH LONGER IS THIS GONNA TAKE, BRAINSTORM?
I'M SUPPOSED TO BE HELPING SECURE JHIAXUS...

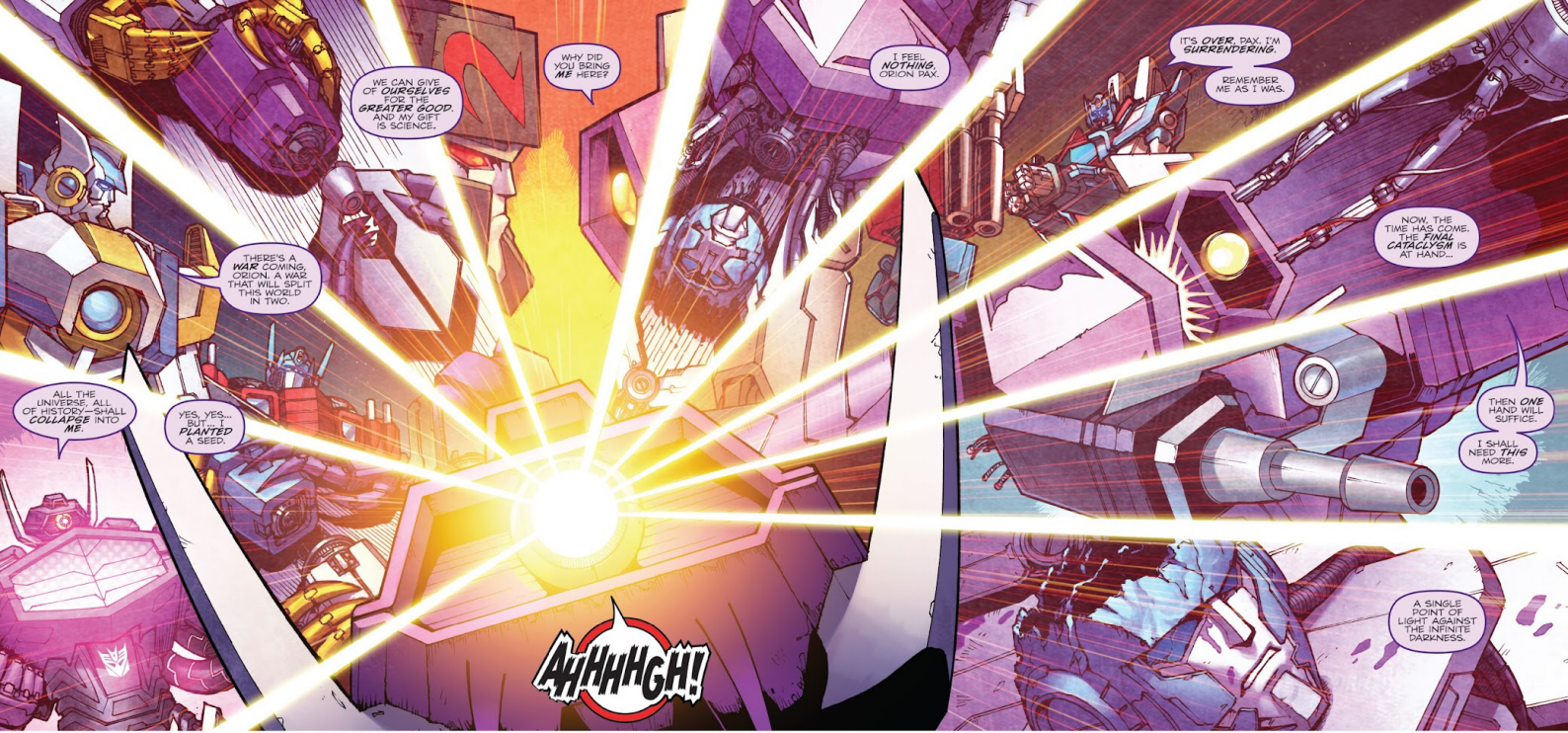
THAT WAS RODIMUS OF NYON ADDRESSING A CROWD AT RIVETS FIELD EARLIER TODAY.
STAY TUNED TO CITIZEN RADIO FOR FURTHER UPDATES ON THE SCHISM THAT'S TEARING THE AUTOBOT MILITARY APART.
YES, HARDHEAD, AND I EXAMINED HIM, TOO. I'M INTERESTED IN ANYONE WHO'S—
(CAN I HAVE MY SECURITY PASS BACK, PLEASE?)
—WHO'S COME INTO CONTACT WITH THE DEAD UNIVERSE.

YOU KEEP NOVA PRIME'S CORPSE IN YOUR LAB?
AH, BUT IS IT A CORPSE OR A SHELL? I THINK HIS ESSENCE FLOWED BACK INTO THE D.U. WHEN HE WAS INJURED AND—
A-HA! THE RESULTS ARE IN!

THERE! TWO LIFE SIGNS: ONE FOR ME, ONE FOR YOU. CONGRATULATIONS, YOU'RE OFFICIALLY NOT DEAD.
ALL THAT SCANNING JUST TO TELL ME I'M ALIVE?
YOU'D BE SURPRISED. THE DEAD UNIVERSE CAN KILL YOU WITHOUT YOU EVEN REALIZ—
TWO

OW!

YOU ALRIGHT?
ELECTRIC SHOCK OR SOMETHING. DON'T WORRY...
...I'LL LIVE.
ONE


WE CAN GIVE OF OURSELVES FOR THE GREATER GOOD. AND MY GIFT IS SCIENCE.
WHY DID YOU BRING ME HERE?
I FEEL NOTHING, ORION PAX.
IT'S OVER, PAX. I'M SURRENDERING.
REMEMBER ME AS I WAS.
THERE'S A WAR COMING, ORION. A WAR THAT WILL SPLIT THIS WORLD IN TWO.
NOW, THE TIME HAS COME. THE FINAL CATACLYSM IS AT HAND...
ALL THE UNIVERSE, ALL OF HISTORY—SHALL COLLAPSE INTO ME.
YES, YES... BUT... I PLANTED A SEED.
THEN ONE HAND WILL SUFFICE.
I SHALL NEED THIS MORE.
AHHHHGH!
A SINGLE POINT OF LIGHT AGAINST THE INFINITE DARKNESS.

AHHHHGH!
THIS SEEMS... UNHEALTHY, MY MASTER.
ONLY ONE SUCH AS SHOCKWAVE—THE UNPARALLELED MASTER OF LOGIC—COULD EVEN ATTEMPT THIS.

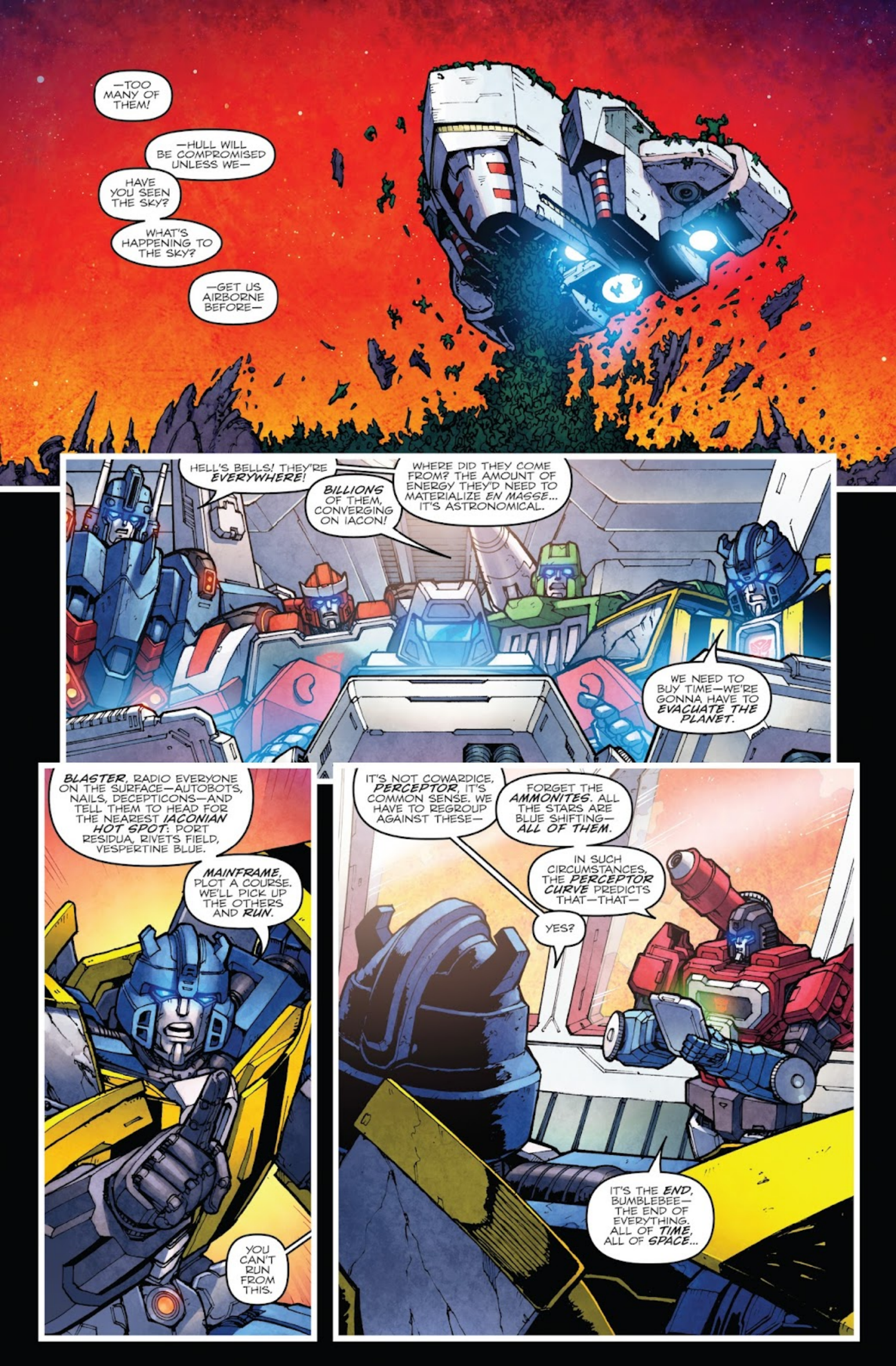
YOU SPEAK AS THOUGH HE IS YOUR SUPERIOR.
OH, YES, BLUDGEON.
ONCE, SHOCKWAVE WAS MY PUPIL. BUT NOW... INTELLECTUALLY, HE IS WITHOUT EQUAL...

...OR CONSCIENCE. THIS PLAN IS LOGIC UNRESTRAINED.
ALL OF REALITY REDUCED TO ITS FINAL DENOMINATOR: A MERE RESOURCE FOR CONSUMPTION IN A PINPOINT UNIVERSE CONTAINING NEITHER TIME NOR DISTANCE.
A WORLD WITHOUT END.

NOW, MONSTRUCTOR—THE AUTOBOTS SHALL TRY TO STOP US.
WHILE TIME REMAINS A FACTOR—DELAY THEM.
RRRRRRGH.
MNNHH...

YOU'RE STILL ALIVE, GALVS?
I AM... DIFFICULT TO KILL.
W-WHY DO YOU STILL STAND WITH THIS... MADNESS, DREADWING?

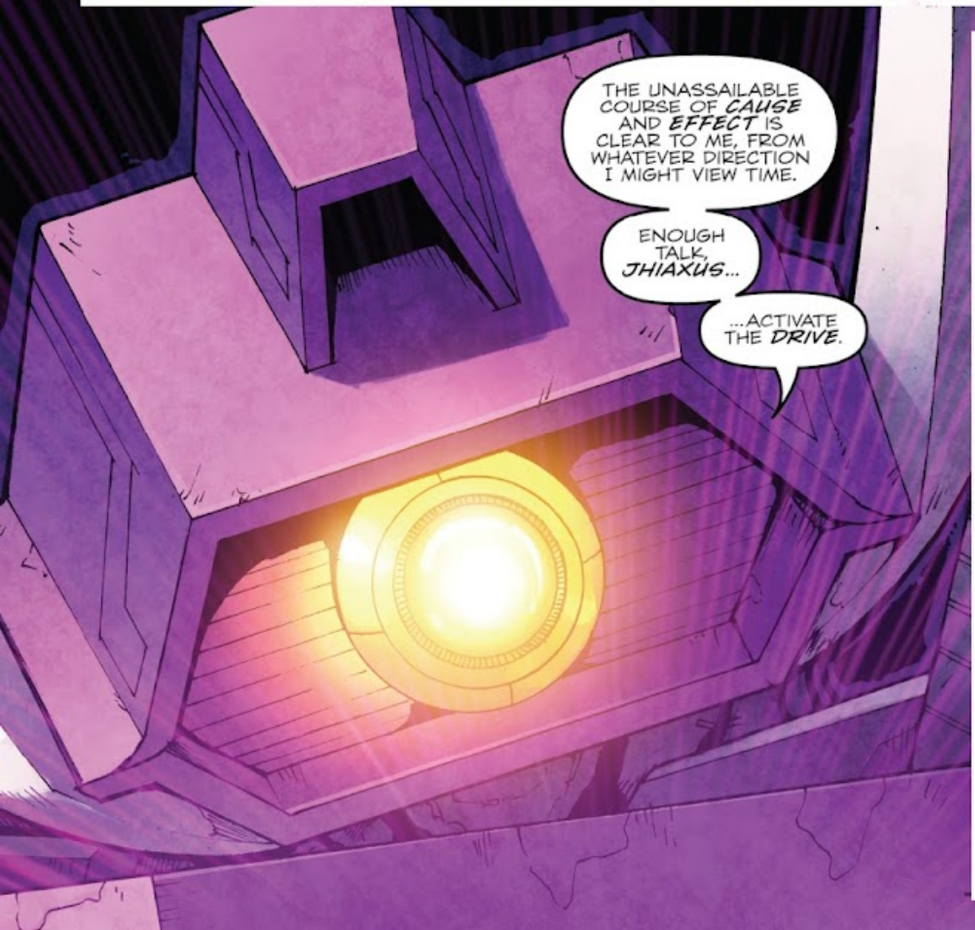
THE BOSS TOLD ME EVERYTHING I EVER WANTED WILL COME RIGHT TO ME.
AN' HE SHOULD KNOW—


—TOO MANY OF THEM!
—HULL WILL BE COMPROMISED UNLESS WE—
HAVE YOU SEEN THE SKY?
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO THE SKY?
—GET US AIRBORNE BEFORE—
HELL'S BELLS! THEY'RE *EVERYWHERE!*
BILLIONS OF THEM, CONVERGING ON IACON!
WHERE DID THEY COME FROM? THE AMOUNT OF ENERGY THEY'D NEED TO MATERIALIZE *EN MASSE*... IT'S ASTRONOMICAL.
WE NEED TO BUY TIME—WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO *EVACUATE THE PLANET.*
BLASTER, RADIO EVERYONE ON THE SURFACE—AUTOBOTS, NAILS, DECEPTICONS—AND TELL THEM TO HEAD FOR THE NEAREST *IACONIAN HOT SPOT*: PORT RESIDUA, RIVETS FIELD, VESPERTINE BLUE.
MAINFRAME, PLOT A COURSE. WE'LL PICK UP THE OTHERS AND *RUN.*
YOU CAN'T RUN FROM THIS.
IT'S NOT COWARDICE, *PERCEPTOR*, IT'S COMMON SENSE. WE HAVE TO REGROUP AGAINST THESE—
FORGET THE *AMMONITES*. ALL THE STARS ARE BLUE SHIFTING—*ALL OF THEM.*
IN SUCH CIRCUMSTANCES, THE *PERCEPTOR CURVE* PREDICTS THAT—THAT—
YES?
IT'S THE *END*, BUMBLEBEE—THE END OF EVERYTHING. ALL OF *TIME*, ALL OF *SPACE*...

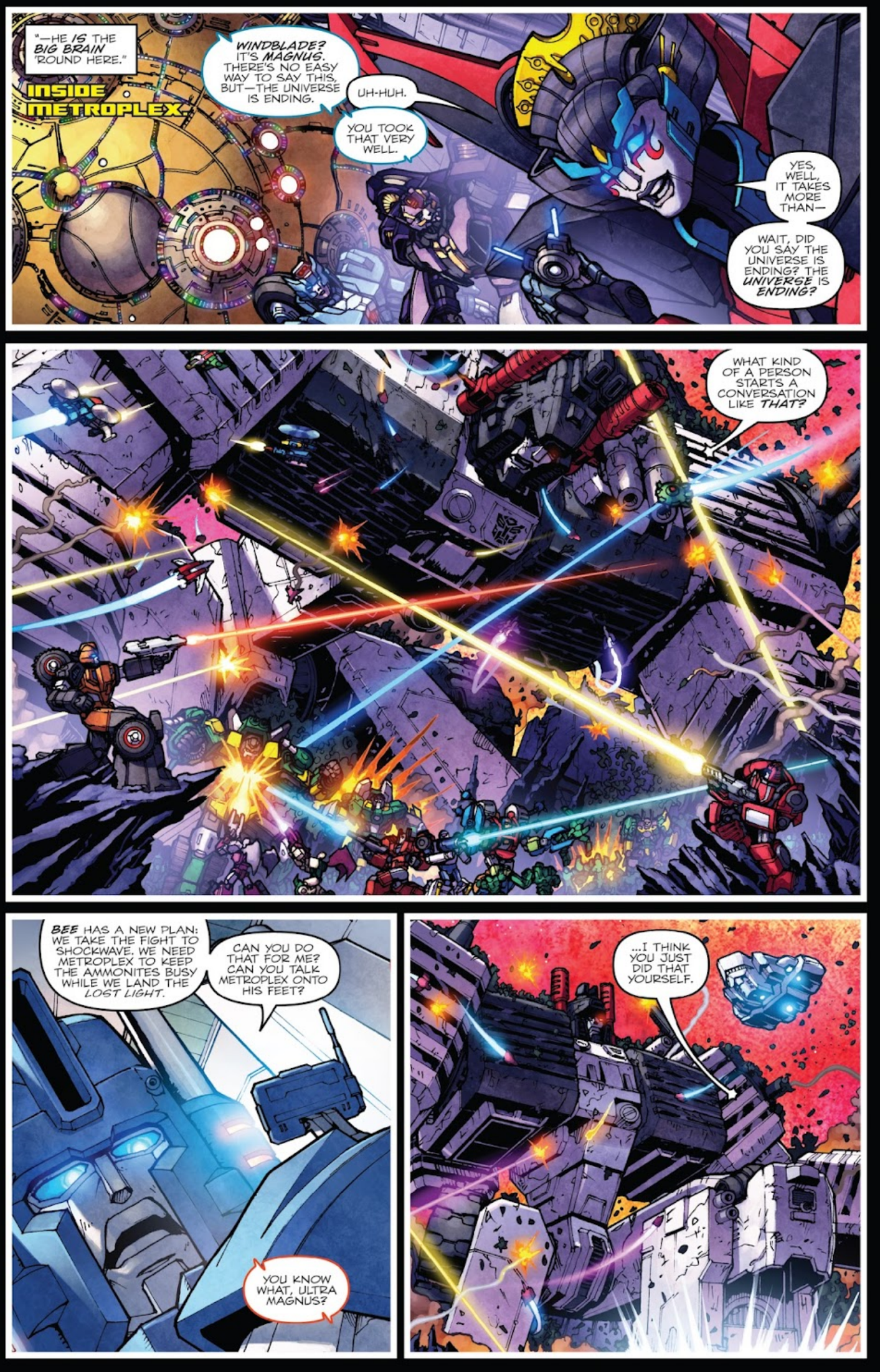
"...THIS IS AN EXTINCTION-LEVEL EVENT."
THIS ONE APPEARS TO HAVE EXPIRED, MY MASTER.
GALVATRON'S FATE IS IRRELEVANT—THE PREPARATIONS ARE OVER.
THE AMMONITES HAVE ARRIVED AS THE DEAD UNIVERSE'S ENERGY FLOWS INTO THE TIME DRIVE.

THIS UNIVERSE SHALL BEND TO YOUR EVERY COMMAND, SHOCKWAVE.
BUT TAKE CARE TO KEEP YOUR BEARINGS—YOU MAY FIND YOURSELF UNSTUCK IN TIME...
...PSYCHOLOGICALLY SPEAKING...

PSYCHOLOGY IS NOT MY CONCERN. ONLY LOGIC MATTERS.


THE UNASSAILABLE COURSE OF CAUSE AND EFFECT IS CLEAR TO ME, FROM WHATEVER DIRECTION I MIGHT VIEW TIME.
ENOUGH TALK, JHIAXUS...
...ACTIVATE THE DRIVE.

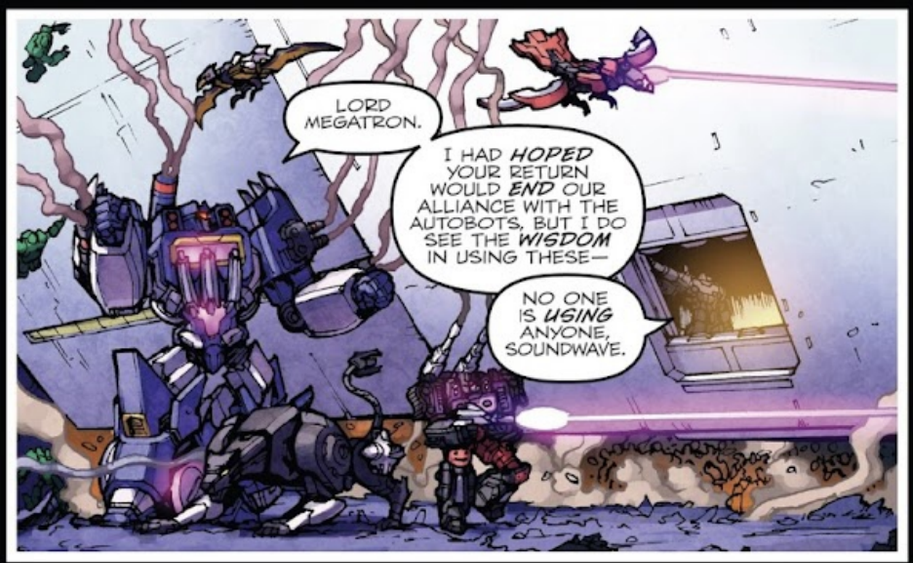
Y-YES, MY LORD.
PAX CYBERTRONIA.


"—HE IS THE BIG BRAIN 'ROUND HERE."
INSIDE METROPLEX.
WINDBLADE? IT'S MAGNUS. THERE'S NO EASY WAY TO SAY THIS, BUT—THE UNIVERSE IS ENDING.
UH-HUH.
YOU TOOK THAT VERY WELL.
YES, WELL, IT TAKES MORE THAN—
WAIT, DID YOU SAY THE UNIVERSE IS ENDING? THE UNIVERSE IS ENDING?
WHAT KIND OF A PERSON STARTS A CONVERSATION LIKE THAT?
BEE HAS A NEW PLAN: WE TAKE THE FIGHT TO SHOCKWAVE. WE NEED METROPLEX TO KEEP THE AMMONITES BUSY WHILE WE LAND THE LOST LIGHT.
CAN YOU DO THAT FOR ME? CAN YOU TALK METROPLEX ONTO HIS FEET?
YOU KNOW WHAT, ULTRA MAGNUS?
...I THINK YOU JUST DID THAT YOURSELF.

WINDBLADE AND METROPLEX ARE DOING WHAT THEY CAN. SO FAR SO GOOD.
THANKS, MAGNUS. YOU KNOW—I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SAY THIS...

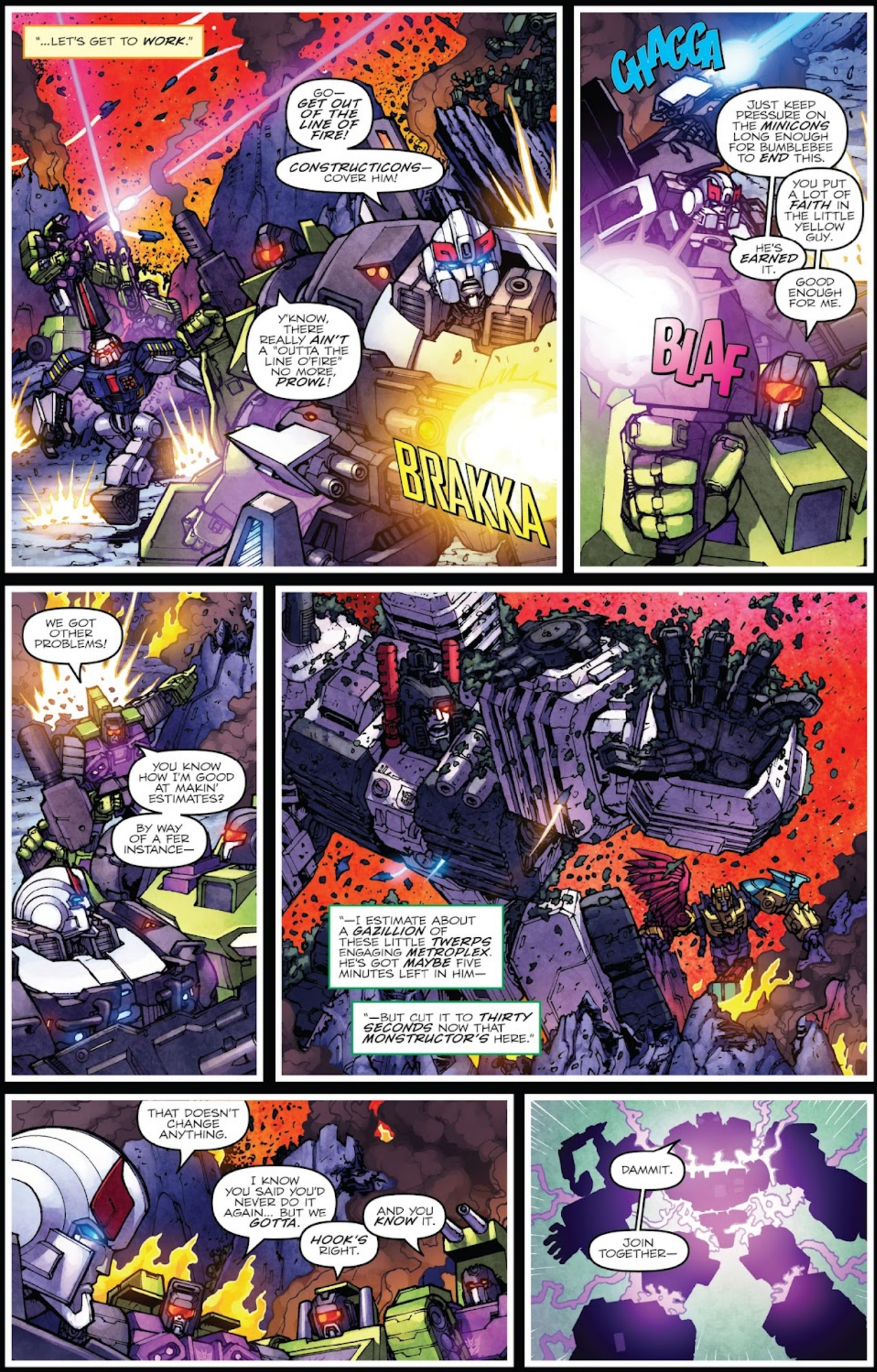
...BUT NICE LEGS, MEGATRON.
AH. AND YOU INTEND TO USE YOUR JOKES AGAINST SHOCKWAVE?
WELL, NOT JUST JOKES.
MAGNUS HAS FIREPOWER—
GETAWAY AND SKIDS HAVE SECRET-AGENT KNOW-HOW—
—BRAINSTORM'S A DEAD UNIVERSE EXPERT—
—AND YOU... WELL...

I KNOW WHAT I AM, BUMBLEBEE.
NOW, COME... WE'RE BEING MET OUTSIDE.


LORD MEGATRON.
I HAD HOPED YOUR RETURN WOULD END OUR ALLIANCE WITH THE AUTOBOTS. BUT I DO SEE THE WISDOM IN USING THESE—
NO ONE IS USING ANYONE, SOUNDWAVE.

BUMBLEBEE HAS COMMAND OF OUR UNITED FORCES...
KROOM
...AND WHEN THIS IS OVER, I THINK... WE WILL NEED A NEW APPROACH.
BUT THE AUTOBOT PLAN IS IMPOSSIBLE. BILLIONS OF VOICES STAND BETWEEN US AND THE CRYSTAL CITY.
FORTUNATELY—

—THE IMPOSSIBLE IS MY SPECIALTY.
STARSCREAM— THIS IS NOT YOURS TO TAKE CREDIT FOR.
WELL, YOU KNOW M—
SKYWARP LIVES... AND CAN TELEPORT US TO SHOCKWAVE'S INNER SANCTUM.
I SAID I CAN TRY. NO PROMISES.
WHY IZZ YOU DRAGGING POOR WASPINATOR ALONG...
STOP COMPLAINING, GREENIE.
WE NEED AS MANY GUYS AS WE CAN FIND THAT KNOW THE LAYOUT. I DOUBT VERY MUCH YOU'LL ALL MAKE IT THROUGH THIS.
ON THAT NOTE... EVERYBODY READY TO— WHAT'S THE PHRASE? "ROLL ON OUT"?
SOMEONE ONCE TOLD ME... ALWAYS KNOW YOUR LAST MOVE BEFORE YOU MAKE YOUR FIRST.
SCRAAPE
AND THIS... THIS IS QUITE THE OPENING GAMBIT, STARSCREAM.
SORRY, MEGS. I RULE THE PLANET.
NOW... WHAT IS IT YOU HAVE?
A HALF-BAKED PLAN WITH AN AUTOBOT NEVER-WAS AND SOME CASSETTES.
WAK
FIRST WE SAVE THE UNIVERSE, THEN WE CAN ARGUE.
SKYWARP— YOU JUST MADE THIS PLAN A HELL OF A LOT LESS IMPOSSIBLE.
GOTTA GET CLOSE. I... I CAN TELEPORT, I THINK...
...BUT I CAN'T CARRY EVERYBODY THAT FAR.
BUMBLEBEE— WE... WE NEED TO TALK.
YOU'RE NOT GONNA TRY TO KILL ME AGAIN, ARE YOU?
I WAS ANGRY... AND CONFUSED. COMING BACK TO LIFE—
AFTER. WE TALK AFTER, METALHAWK. NOW...


"...LET'S GET TO WORK."
GO— GET OUT OF THE LINE OF FIRE!
CONSTRUCTICONS— COVER HIM!
Y'KNOW, THERE REALLY AIN'T A "OUTTA THE LINE O'FIRE" NO MORE, PROWL!
BRAKKA
CHAGGA
JUST KEEP PRESSURE ON THE MINICONS LONG ENOUGH FOR BUMBLEBEE TO END THIS.
YOU PUT A LOT OF FAITH IN THE LITTLE YELLOW GUY.
HE'S EARNED IT.
GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.
BLAF
WE GOT OTHER PROBLEMS!
YOU KNOW HOW I'M GOOD AT MAKIN' ESTIMATES?
BY WAY OF A FER INSTANCE—
"—I ESTIMATE ABOUT A GAZILLION OF THESE LITTLE TWERPS ENGAGING METROPLEX. HE'S GOT MAYBE FIVE MINUTES LEFT IN HIM—
"—BUT CUT IT TO THIRTY SECONDS NOW THAT MONSTRUCTOR'S HERE."
THAT DOESN'T CHANGE ANYTHING.
I KNOW YOU SAID YOU'D NEVER DO IT AGAIN... BUT WE GOTTA.
HOOK'S RIGHT.
AND YOU KNOW IT.
DAMMIT.
JOIN TOGETHER—

-FORM DEVASTATOR!
IS—IS THAT...
HEAD IN THE GAME, BUMBLEBEE.
THEY MIGHT HAVE BOUGHT METROPLEX MORE TIME, BUT WE'RE RUNNING OUT OF IT.
YEAH—YEAH.
SKYWARP—IT'S NOW OR NEVER.

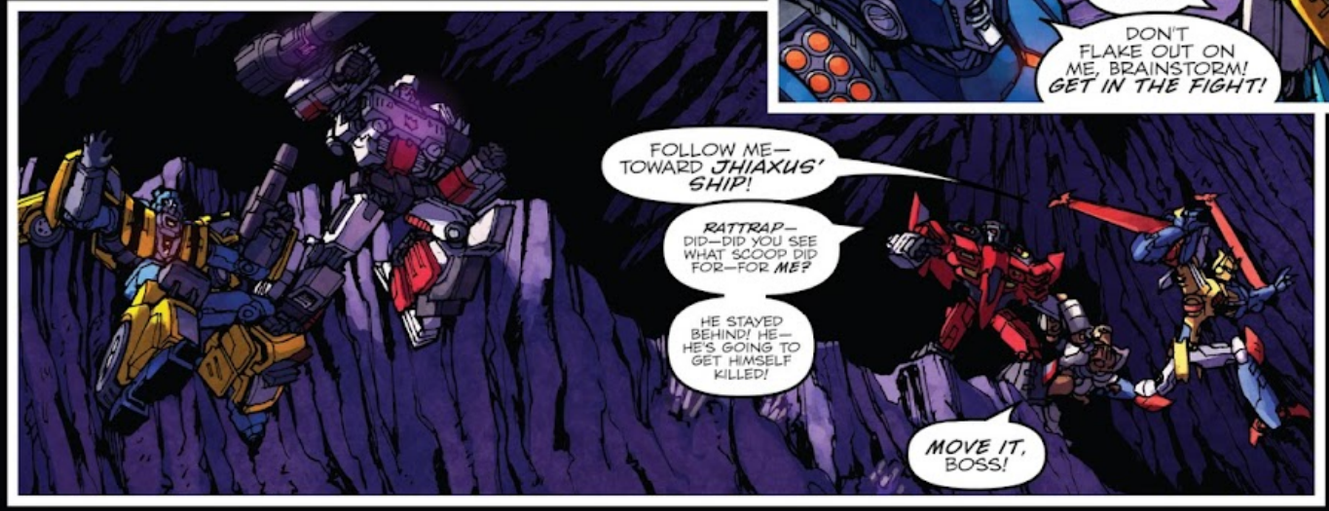
I CAN'T... I'M TRYING... BUT THERE'S TOO MANY...
...I NEVER TELEPORTED SO MANY...
...AND I NEVER FELT THIS BAD.
BUMBLEBEE— I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GONNA SAY—
—BUT THERE'S ENOUGH GOING ON OUT HERE. WE WON'T GET BORED.
GAH. I HATE TO SAY IT, BUT THIS GUY'S RIGHT.
NO, THERE'S GOTTA BE—
SCOOP ALWAYS PLAYS THE "DOING IT FOR THE GREATER GOOD" CARD. IGNORE HIM, BEE, AND PRESS ON.
WAIT... SOUNDWAVE...?
THE AUTOBOTS ARE CORRECT.
CYBERTRON IS IN YOUR HANDS, MEGATRON. RAVAGE—MY FRIENDS—
YEAH, YEAH, I GET IT. WE'RE WITH YOU...
WAIT— SCOOP, YOU CAN'T ACTUALLY—
...JUST— JUST TELL 'EM SOME CASSETTES SENT YOU, OKAY?
—STAY THERE.
DON'T LET THEIR ACTIONS HAVE BEEN IN—
WASPINATOR MADE IT!

WHHOOAH!
—VAIN.
SKZZT

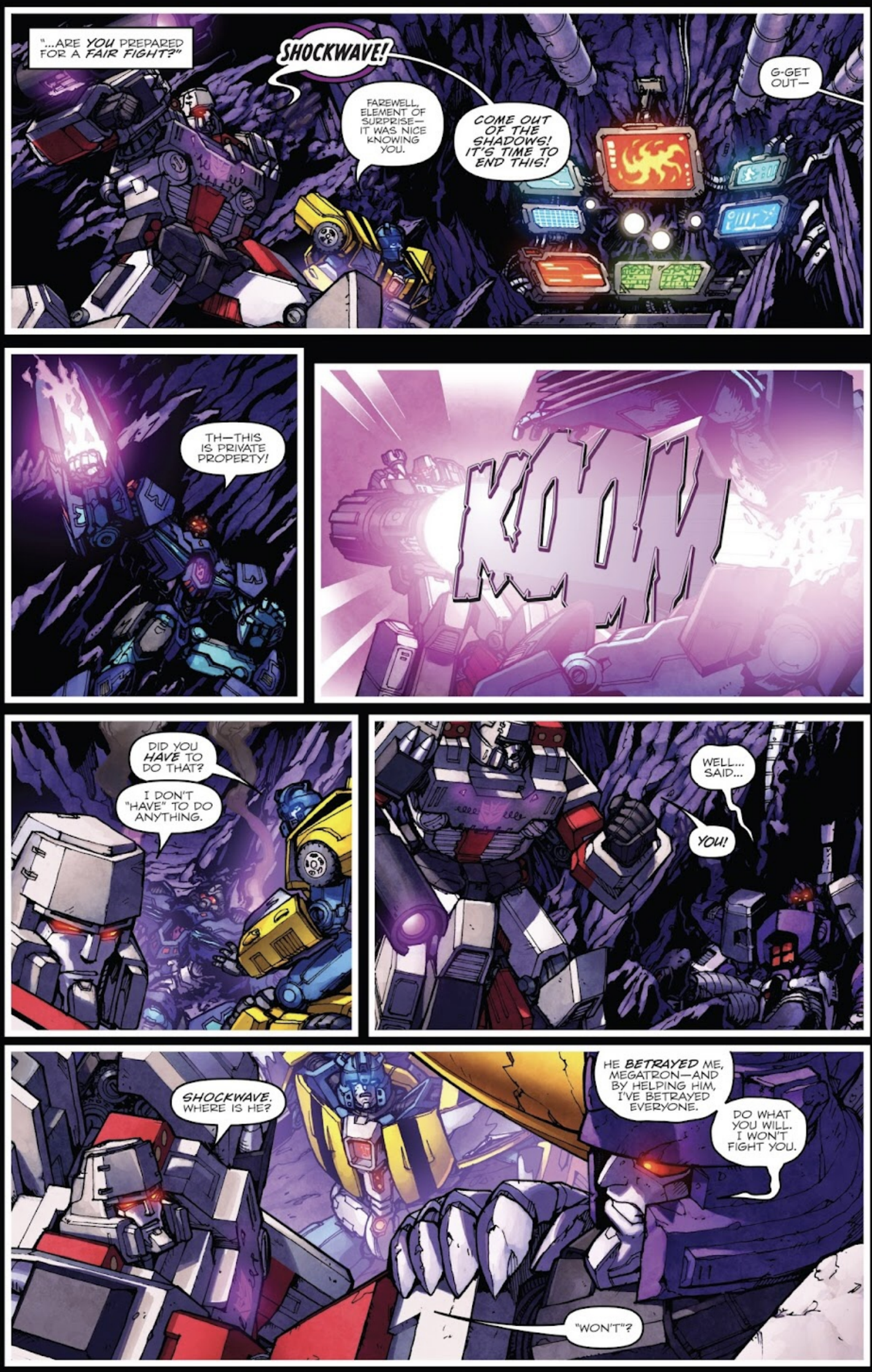
DID YOU THINK YOUR DISAPPEARANCE WENT UNNOTICED, METALHAWK?
BLUDGEON— DON'T BE A FOOL! JOIN US!
YEAH, I'M NOT GONNA COUNT ON THAT.
EVERYBODY, SCRAMBLE!
WHY UNIVERZZE HATE WASPINATOR...?

BUMBLEBEE!
GO!
I'LL HOLD HIM OFF.
WHRUMKK

NOT ALONE YOU WON'T.
WE'LL HOLD HIM OFF.
I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD, ALL OF A SUDDEN.
DON'T FLAKE OUT ON ME, BRAINSTORM! GET IN THE FIGHT!

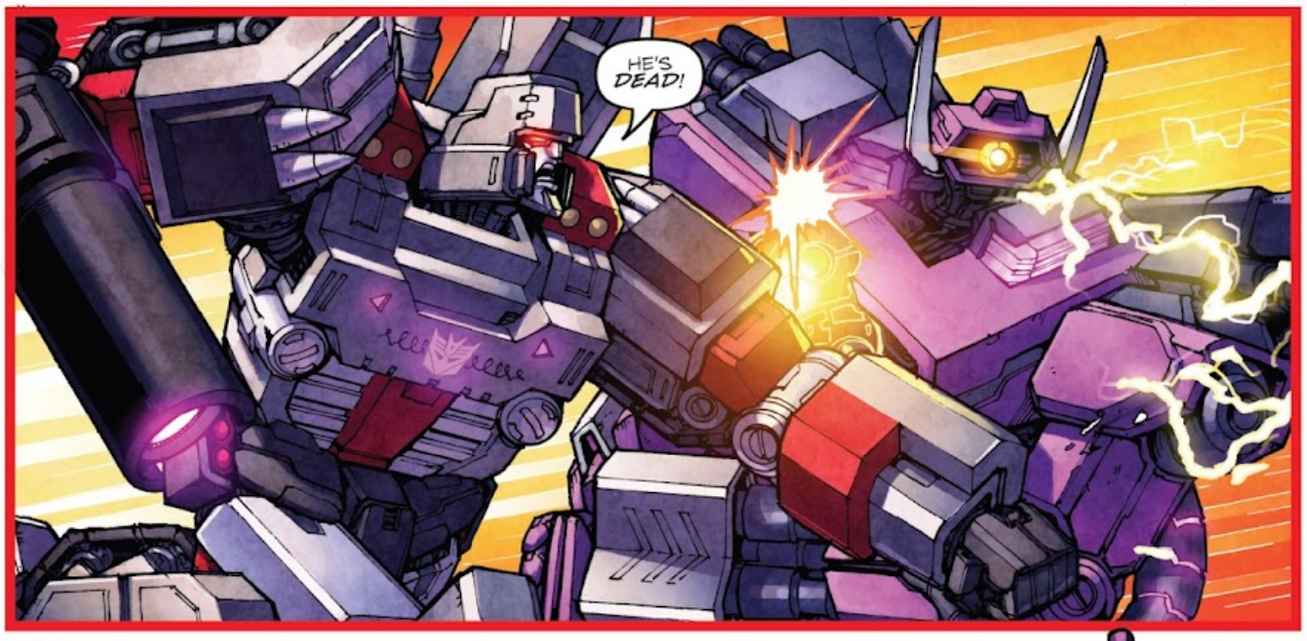

FOLLOW ME— TOWARD JHIAXUS' SHIP!
RATTRAP— DID—DID YOU SEE WHAT SCOOP DID FOR—FOR ME?
HE STAYED BEHIND! HE— HE'S GOING TO GET HIMSELF KILLED!
MOVE IT, BOSS!

UNF.
SNAP OUTTA IT, BOSS. SCOOP'S TRYIN' TA SAVE HIS OWN BACON OUT DERE, I BETS.
DON' GIVE 'IM ANUDDER—
QUIET. THROUGH THIS DOOR IS JHIAXUS' WORKSHOP—WHATEVER HE WAS WORKING ON IS THE KEY TO THEIR PLAN.
IF WE CAN...
IF YOU CAN WHAT, METALHAWK?
SQUANDER YOUR SECOND CHANCE AT LIFE?
I'D GLADLY GIVE MY LIFE TO STOP YOU, JHIAXUS.
YOU CONTROLLED ME—YOU—
PLAYED YOU LIKE THE BROKEN INSTRUMENT YOU ARE.
SMASH
BUT YOU, STARSCREAM—THE SHRIEKING SUN OF LEGEND...
...THE CHOSEN ONE HIMSELF!
HE WHO MADE CYBERTRON FESTER, AND ALLOWED THE DARK CYBERTRON PROPHECY TO PASS.
I OWE YOU A DEBT OF GRATITUDE.
ENOUGH OF THIS!
FA-WHOOSH
NOT BAD, GIVEN THE CIRCUMSTANCES...
...BUT MY REACTIVE ARMOR CAN MATCH ANYTHING YOU THROW AT ME.
OF ALL CYBERTRONIANS...


"...ARE YOU PREPARED FOR A FAIR FIGHT?"
SHOCKWAVE!
FAREWELL, ELEMENT OF SURPRISE—IT WAS NICE KNOWING YOU.
COME OUT OF THE SHADOWS! IT'S TIME TO END THIS!
G-GET OUT—
TH—THIS IS PRIVATE PROPERTY!
KOOM
DID YOU HAVE TO DO THAT?
I DON'T "HAVE" TO DO ANYTHING.
WELL... SAID...
YOU!
SHOCKWAVE. WHERE IS HE?
HE BETRAYED ME, MEGATRON—AND BY HELPING HIM, I'VE BETRAYED EVERYONE.
DO WHAT YOU WILL. I WON'T FIGHT YOU.
"WON'T"?

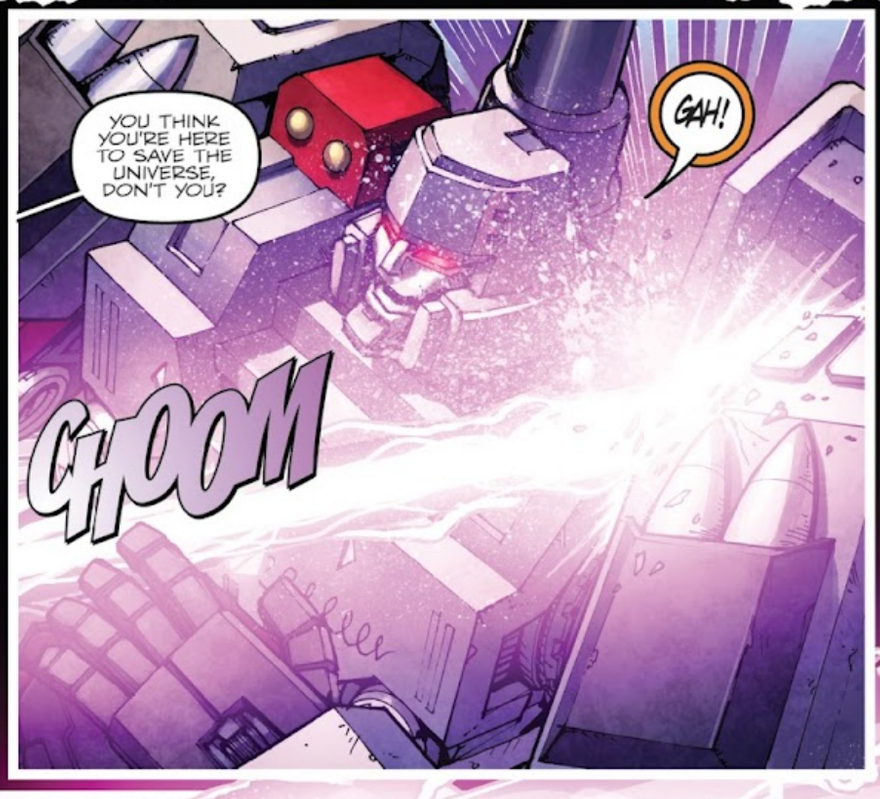
OR CAN'T?
THONK
"GALVATRON THE MIGHTY." "GALVATRON THE WAR HERO."
I NEVER RATED YOU.
YOU'RE A WALKING RELIC—A THROWBACK TO A MORE TRUSTING TIME WHEN THE SERVICE CLASS STILL SHRANK IN DEFERENCE FROM GODS AND ROYALTY.
HE'S GIVEN UP, MEGATRON. LEAVE IT.
HE RIPPED ME IN HALF.
AND IN RETURN YOU'RE GOING TO KILL HIM?
IS THAT HOW YOUR WORLD WORKS?
EACH BLOW INVITES A BULLET? EVERY DEATH ANSWERED BY TEN?
BECAUSE LOOK WHERE IT'S GOT YOU. LOOK WHERE IT'S GOT ALL OF US.
ALL THOSE YEARS AGO, WHEN YOU DREAMED OF A LIFE OUTSIDE OF THE ENERGON MINES—IS THIS WHAT YOU WANTED TO BECOME?
THE TYPE OF PERSON WHO WOULD RATHER KILL THAN NOT KILL?
HE'S YOUR ENEMY AS MUCH AS MINE.
GOOD, BAD, FRIENDS, ENEMIES... IF THERE'S ONE THING I'VE LEARNED SINCE METALHAWK AND THE OTHERS CAME HOME, IT'S THAT THE WORLD'S A LOT MORE COMPLICATED THAN THAT—
—AND SO ARE YOU. SO LET HIM LIVE—LET HIM JOIN US.
SEE?
WE'RE STRONGER TOGETHER THAN APART.

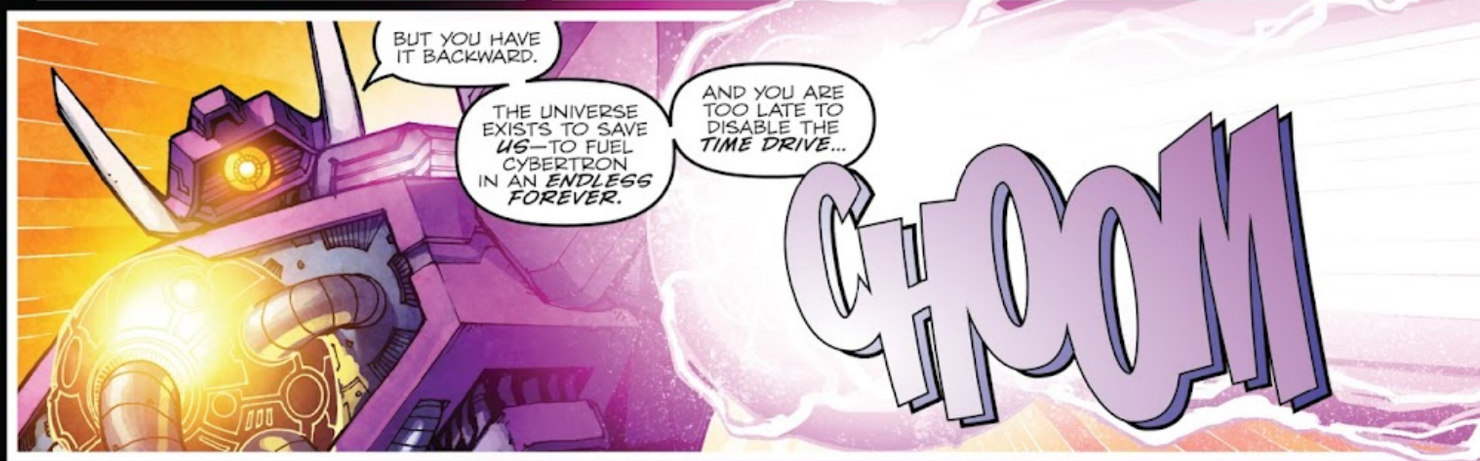
HE'S DEAD.


HE'S DEAD!

"DEAD"?
MAKE THE MOST OF SUCH CONCEPTS—
—THEY WON'T EXIST FOR MUCH LONGER.

TIME TO WITHDRAW.
IF YOU HAVE ANY SENSE, DREADWING, YOU'LL DO THE SAME.
HHRRR


YOU THINK YOU'RE HERE TO SAVE THE UNIVERSE, DON'T YOU?
GAH!
CHOOM


BUT YOU HAVE IT BACKWARD.
THE UNIVERSE EXISTS TO SAVE US—TO FUEL CYBERTRON IN AN ENDLESS FOREVER.
AND YOU ARE TOO LATE TO DISABLE THE TIME DRIVE...
CHOOM

"...IT IS PART OF ME, NOW."
GUYS, I—
HNNNG!
—I NEED SOMEONE TO GET RATCHET...
LITTLE BUSY AT THE MOMENT, BRAINSTORM.
BLUDGEON HERE NEEDS TO BE TAKEN DOWN A PEG OR THREE...
YOUR SKILLS ARE STOLEN, NOT EARNED—
—FEIGNED, NOT FELT.
THIS ISN'T METALLIKATO, THIS IS MIMICRY.
AND YOU REALLY DON'T KNOW WHEN TO SHUT UP.
?
FOOL! I INVITED THAT PUNCH—
—BECAUSE I WANTED YOU CLOSE.

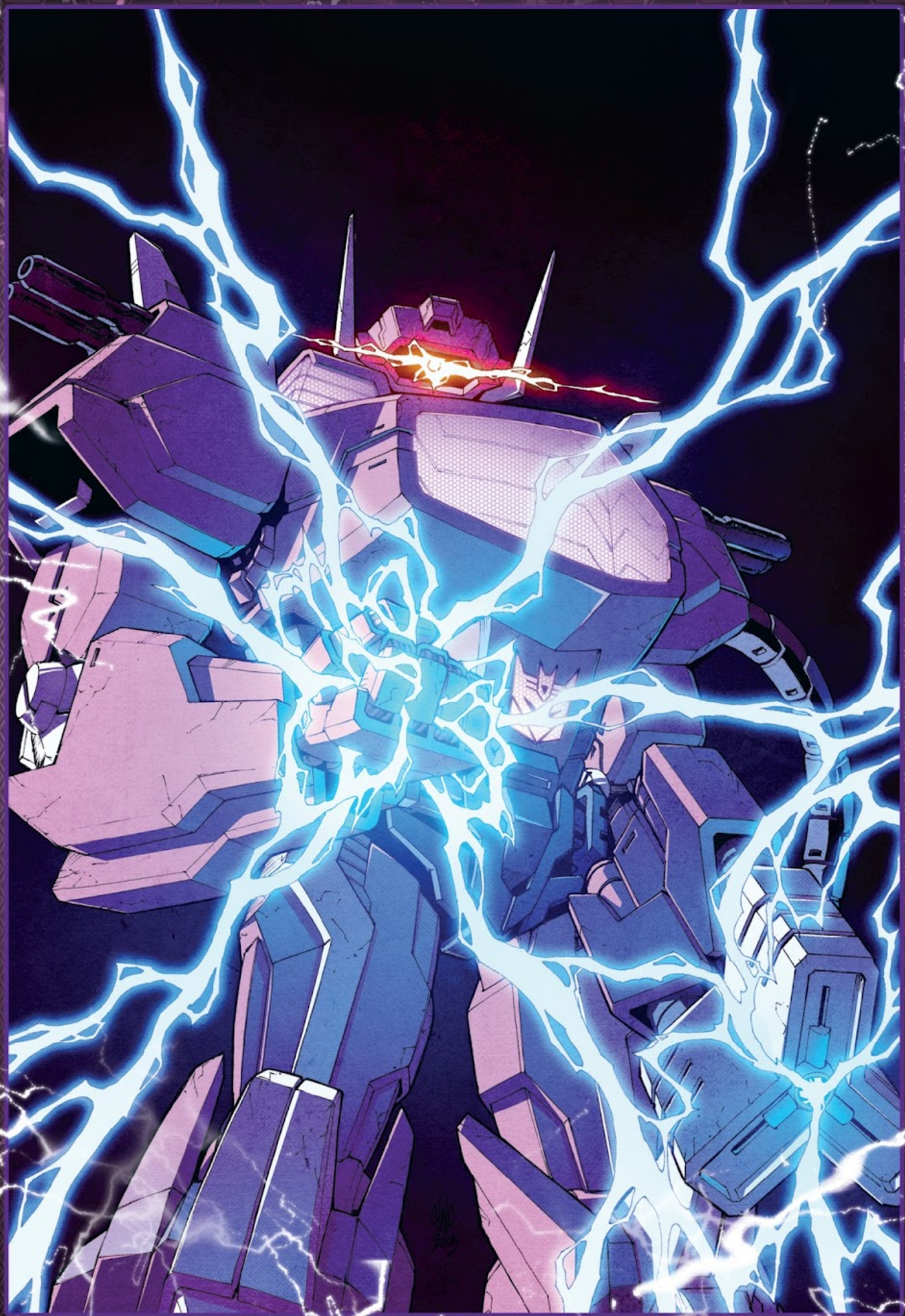
AH—
AH—
BRAINSTORM?
OOF!
KRACK
YOU THINK YOU DELAY ME—
ARRRGH!
—YOU THINK YOU BUY YOUR FRIENDS TIME—
—AND YOU TRADE YOUR LIFE TO ACCOMPLISH THIS? WELL.
TIME ENDS N—
AK!
THOOOOSH
PAX?
NO...

...BUT CLOSE ENOUGH.

Cover by: PHIL JIMENEZ • Colors by: ROMULO FAJARDO, JR.

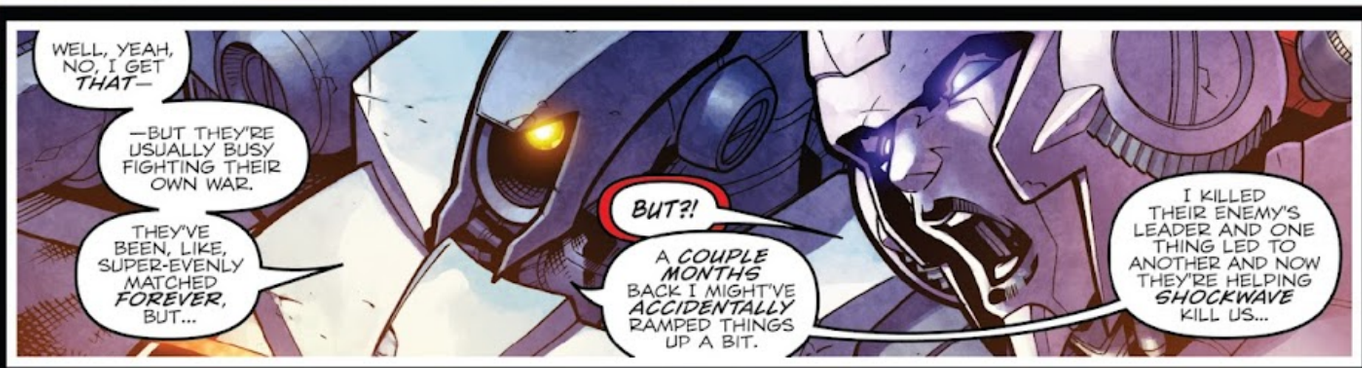
CHAPTER 12

Layouts by: PHIL JIMENEZ • Pencils by: BRENDAN CAHILL • Inks by: BRIAN SHEARER
• Colors by: JOSH PEREZ • Letters by: TOM B. LONG



Cover by: CASEY W. COLLER • Colors by: JOSH BURCHAM

CYBERTRON.
PAST/PRESENT/FUTURE
END OF TIME.
SLAG— YOU AN' THE DINOBOTS TRY AN' PUSH THESE JOKERS OUTTA CITY LIMITS.
LET THE WILDERNESS DEAL WITH 'EM!
CITY LIMITS?!?
I GOT NO IDEA WHERE WE EVEN ARE, IRONHIDE!
PLUS—MY NAME'S SLUG, NOW!
STUPID, STUPID MINICONS.
AMMONITES. YOU DON'T HAVE TO SLANDER THE LITTLE GUYS.
THERE ARE BILLIONS OF THEM AND THEY'RE TRYING TO KILL US, WHIRL!


WELL, YEAH, NO, I GET THAT—
—BUT THEY'RE USUALLY BUSY FIGHTING THEIR OWN WAR.
THEY'VE BEEN, LIKE, SUPER-EVENLY MATCHED FOREVER, BUT...
BUT?!
A COUPLE MONTHS BACK I MIGHT'VE ACCIDENTALLY RAMPED THINGS UP A BIT.
I KILLED THEIR ENEMY'S LEADER AND ONE THING LED TO ANOTHER AND NOW THEY'RE HELPING SHOCKWAVE KILL US...

SOMEWHERE IN THERE IS A LESSON ABOUT UNINTENDED CONSEQUENCES...
SPEAKING OF WHICH, DID I EVER TELL YOU ABOUT HOW I STARTED OUR WAR?
YOU'LL LAUGH YOUR HEAD OFF.
YOU KNOW WHAT, WHIRL? WE REALLY SHOULD'VE HUNG OUT MORE...

"...I MEAN, BEFORE WE WENT DOWN FIGHTING WHILE THE UNIVERSE DIES AROUND US."
STATUS REPORT!
SOMEBODY LET ME KNOW HOW WE'RE DOING!
WELL THE LOST LIGHT'S PICKED OFF 10,000 AMMONITES, GIVE OR TAKE...
CHROMEDOME'S ON STOMP WATCH—HE SAYS DEVASTATOR'S SQUASHED ABOUT A HUNDRED MORE.
SO WHEN CAN WE HANG OUT THE BUNTING?
MATHS ISN'T YOUR STRONG POINT, IS IT HOUND? 70 BILLION AMMONITES MINUS 10,000—
10,100! STOMP WATCH!
—IS STILL 70 BILLION AMMONITES.
OUR ONLY HOPE IS THE GROUP ATTACKING THE CRYSTAL CITY...
"...ASSUMING THEY'RE NOT ALREADY DEAD."
THAT'S HOW YOU WANT TO END THIS, JHIAXUS—
—BY COSPLAYING AS ME?
MY REACTIVE ARMOR ANALYZES EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU, DARKNESS-BRINGER.
I KNOW YOUR LUDICROUS NEW BODY BETTER THAN YOU DO.
STARSCREAM AIN'T GONNA LAST LONG—YOU BETTER HURRY, PAL!
HE JUST HAS TO KEEP JHIAXUS OCCUPIED—I'VE NEARLY GOT THIS FIGURED OUT!
SOMEHOW, SHOCKWAVE IS COLLAPSING ALL OF SPACETIME—
—AND THE AMMONITES ARE RIDING THE FASTER-THAN-LIGHT CREST BACK TO THE EPICENTER...
...CYBERTRON.
BUT IT ALL RELIES ON A COMBINATION OF SHOCKWAVE'S ORES—INCLUDING THE ONE THAT BROUGHT ME BACK TO LIFE.
METALHAWK, I DON'T CARE HOW ANY O' DIS IS HAPPENIN'—

—I JUST WANT YOU TO STOP IT!
ACCEPT MY THANKS, SHRIEKER OF STARS, FOR ALLOWING THE DARK CYBERTRON PROPHECY TO COME TO PASS!
AGH! I KNOW WE DON'T ALWAYS GET ALONG—
—BUT, METALHAWK— PLEASE FREAKING HURRY UP!
I CAN... OH. OH.
I CAN BURN OUT THE ORES!
I CAN...
"...BUT I KNOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN IF I DO."
THAT'S THE SINGLE MOST UNPLEASANT THING THAT'S EVER HAPPENED TO ME.
COULD'VE BEEN WORSE. WE COULD'VE BEEN DOING THE SPLITS ON THE WAY OUT...
SORRY FOR THE LATE ARRIVAL, ULTRA MAGNUS. WHAT'S GOING ON?
SHOCKWAVE JUST CALLED TIME ON THE ENTIRE UNIVERSE.
DON'T ASK ME WHY HE'S DOING IT, LET ALONE HOW, BUT ALL OF TIME AND SPACE IS ABOUT TO STOP.
FOR GOOD. FOREVER.
WHERE IS HE?
NEXT LEVEL DOWN. MEGATRON'S TRYING TO STOP HIM.
SORRY, BUT CAN ANYONE RECOMMEND A GOOD MEDIBAY?
CYCLONUS HERE IS ON HIS LAST LEGS, AND I'M NOT FEELING... TOO SPRIGHTLY...
...EITHER...
NIGHTBEAT!
...CAN'T... STAY... UPRIGHT...
KUP, TOO?
UHHR...
WHAT'S HAPPENING TO THEM?
IT'S THE DEAD UNIVERSE—THEY CAN'T SURVIVE OUTSIDE IT.
I'VE GOT SOME STUFF IN MY LAB THAT MIGHT SORT THEM OUT—NECROTIC DERIVATIVES AND REGENERATION COMPOUNDS—
—BUT SKIDS AND I WOULD NEED HELP CARRYING ALL OF THEM BACK TO THE LOST LIGHT.
WHICH ONE OF YOU HERO TYPES...

"...IS GONNA WALK AWAY FROM SHOCKWAVE FOR THAT?"
YOU PROVIDED ME THE RESOURCES TO MAKE MY ORES, MEGATRON—
—AND YOUR WAR FOR—WHAT DID YOU CALL IT—
—"FREEDOM"?
CHOOM
YOUR WAR ALLOWED THEM TO GROW, UNNOTICED.
SO NOW YOU DESTROY THE UNIVERSE, SHOCKWAVE? YOU HAVE GONE MAD.
I DESTROY NOTHING. I CAUSE THE UNIVERSE TO HAVE NEVER BEEN—SAVE AS FUEL FOR A CYBERTRON ETERNAL.
A CYBERTRON OF ROTE EXISTENCE—NO STRUGGLE, NO CHANGE, NO HISTORY—NO LIFE!
PRECISELY.
I CREATE PARADISE.
I WILL ADMIT DISAPPOINTMENT AT YOUR FAILURE TO RECOGNIZE THE PARALLELS BETWEEN MY GOALS AND YOUR OWN.
CHOOM
THIS IS, AFTER ALL, THE ULTIMATE CONQUEST.
THE DECEPTICON CAUSE WAS NEVER ABOUT THAT. WE FOUGHT FOR PEACE—FOR EQUALITY.
INDEED—THE LOWLIEST CASSETTE, AS IMPORTANT AS THE HONORED SENATOR. EACH LIFE, THEN, MEANS AS MUCH AS YOUR YELLOW FRIEND'S.
BUMBLEBEE WAS NOT MY—
NO!
YOU TWIST MY BELIEFS!
YOU WERE ANGERED BY MY KILLING HIM—YET MILLIONS OF AUTOBOTS DIED BY YOUR HAND... OR YOUR ORDERS.
ALL LIFE IS EQUAL. I MERELY ASSIGN IT A QUANTIFIABLE VALUE—
—ZERO.
WELL, YOU HAVE TO ADMIT—

—YOU STARTED THAT *YOURSELF*, MEGATRON.
ENOUGH! SHOCKWAVE—WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!
I HAVE BECOME *THE END*, PAX...
I HAVE BECOME THAT WHICH *ETERNITY* CIRCLES *INTO*.
I AM THE *LIGHT* THAT ILLUMINATES... *EVERYTHING*.
AGGH!
CHOOM
MAGNUS!
I HAVE *DISARMED* YOUR FRIEND. NOW TO DO THE SAME... TO...
FRIEND...
I USED TO BE...
NO! THERE *IS* NO "USED TO BE"!
THERE JUST *IS*!
AND I AM *ALL THERE IS*!
CHOOM
YOU, YOUR PAST, YOUR FUTURE—

"—I AM ALL THAT WAS, OR WILL EVER BE!"
I DON'T KNOW WHO IS THE WEAKER, RODIMUS—ME, ON ACCOUNT OF MY BODY TURNING TO PIG IRON AND CRUDE OIL... OR YOU, FOR RUNNING AWAY FROM SHOCKWAVE.
OKAY, CYCLONUS, TWO THINGS.
FIRSTLY, I'M NOT RUNNING. I CAN'T RUN.
HAVE YOU EVER TRIED RUNNING WHILE CARRYING SOMEONE AS OLD AND STIFF AS KUP? IT'S LIKE CARRYING A PILLAR.
AND SECONDLY, I KNOW YOU MEANT "RUNNING" IN THE SENSE OF BEING COWARDLY.
BY PRETENDING TO MISUNDERSTAND YOU I'M PROVING I CAN RISE ABOVE IT.
I DIDN'T ŻKAFF!? ASK TO BE SAVED.
IF YOU'D LEFT ME BEHIND YOU COULD'VE JOINED THE FIGHT AGAINST SHOCKWAVE...
OH, DROP THE DEFLECTIONS AND ADMIT YOU'RE WORRIED ABOUT NOT SEEING TAILPIPE AGAIN.
IT'S TAILGATE—AND THIS IS YOUR FINAL WARNING, NIGHTBEAT...
ALLOW ME TO RANK YOUR THREAT THIRD BEHIND "COLLAPSING BODY" AND "COLLAPSING UNIVERSE."
HOW'D YOU GUYS MANAGE TO OPEN A PORTAL IN MY CHEST? DID YOU HARNESS THE POWER OF BICKERING?
WE HEARD A DRINKING SONG COMING FROM NOVA PRIME'S CORPSE.
JUST WHEN YA THINK THERE ARE NO NEW SENTENCES...
IT PROVED THERE WAS A WAY OUT.
WE USED NOVA'S EQUIPMENT TO TURN HIM INTO A SPACE BRIDGE. A RICKETY ONE.
BUT WHY ME? WHY WAS I ON THE OTHER SIDE OF NOVA PRIME?
I IMAGINE, BRAINSTORM, IT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE DEAD—WELL, NOT DEAD DEAD. MORE LIKE "NEARLY ALIVE."
IT'S ALL THAT VICARIOUS EXPOSURE TO THE DEAD UNIVERSE.
WHATEVER MAGIC POTION YOU PLAN ON COOKING UP, MAKE SURE YOU SAVE SOME FOR YOURSELF.
LOOK AT THAT. LOOK AT WHAT WE'RE UP AGAINST.
RODIMUS, I REPEAT—SAVING OUR LIVES MEANS NOTHING IF THE WORLD'S COMING TO AN END. IT'S ILLOGICAL.
"ILLOGICAL"? SINCE WHEN DID I GIVE A FLAMING LUGNUT ABOUT LOGIC?
RIGHT NOW, I'M THE CAPTAIN AND YOU'RE MY CREW, WHETHER YOU'RE A LOST LIGHT-ER OR NOT. I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR YOU.
IT'S NOT "LOGICAL," BUT IT'S RIGHT.
YOU KNOW ME WELL ENOUGH BY NOW, CYCLONUS: HEART BEFORE HEAD, EVERY...
...SINGLE...

...TIME.
PLEASE TELL ME I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE SEEING THIS...

CAN YOU FEEL IT, STARSCREAM—THE END THAT YOU HAVE WROUGHT?
ALL OF HISTORY, DRAWN TO THIS MOMENT—THE SKY ALIVE WITH EVERYTHING THAT EVER WAS!
IT MAKES ME FEEL YOUNG!
JHIAXUS, YOU MANIAC—YOU'RE GOING TO KILL YOURSELF, TOO!
SHAK
I DO WHAT I DO FOR THE GREATER GOOD. CAN YOU UNDERSTAND THAT, DARKNESS-BRINGER?
YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME, JHIAXUS.
HE LITERALLY CANNOT UNDERSTAND SELF-SACRIFICE.
OH, NOW'S THE TIME, METALHAWK?
I KNOW WHAT I HAVE TO DO, YOU IDIOT.
THE ORES ARE IN PERFECT BALANCE—THEIR POWER COURSES THROUGH SHOCKWAVE—TO THIS SHIP—TO THE MINICONS!
THE RESURRECTION ORE RETURNED ME TO LIFE—IT'S PART OF ME. IF I JOIN THE CONNECTION—ADD MYSELF TO THE MIX—
YOU WOULD BECOME PART OF THE DARK CYBERTRON EQUATION!
—AND THROW THE ORES OFF-BALA—
AHGGH!
OFF-BALANCE!
ST-STARSCREAM! LAST TIME YOU TOOK MY—AGGH!—LIFE FOR YOUR PETTY GAIN.
THIS TIME IT'S MY CHOICE—

"—THIS TIME I GIVE MY LIFE—FOR ALL LIFE!"
UHN-!
SNIKT
UH-HUH. SPEAKING OF DYING BY YOUR OWN HAND...
...I ACTUALLY DID NOT KNOW THIS BODY HAD SWORDS.
SO, YOU CAN THANK YOUR STUPID ARMOR FOR THIS, JHIAXUS.

HEY, BOSS—
—IF YER DONE WIT' DA WITTICISMS...
...THE WORLD STILL LOOKS LIKE IT'S ENDIN', BUT I, AH, I T'INK IT'S ENDIN' HERE, FIRST.
WELL, I MEAN, HERE—

"—AN FER DA MINICONS, DAT IS."
EYE TO THE SKY, WHIRL—
—EITHER SOMEONE JUST KILLED ALL THE AMMONITES, OR THEY'RE COMBINING INTO A POORLY COORDINATED FIREWORKS DISPLAY.
COP OUT!
YOU CAN'T JUST EXPLODE! WHERE'S THE FUN IN THAT?!

WHO DID THIS, AND HOW CAN I SHOW MY APPRECIATION?
MY MONEY'S ON METROPLEX. LOOK AT THE GUY—

"—HIS WHOLE BODY'S SHAKING LIKE HE'S JUST UNLEASHED SOME CRAZY TITAN MAGIC..."

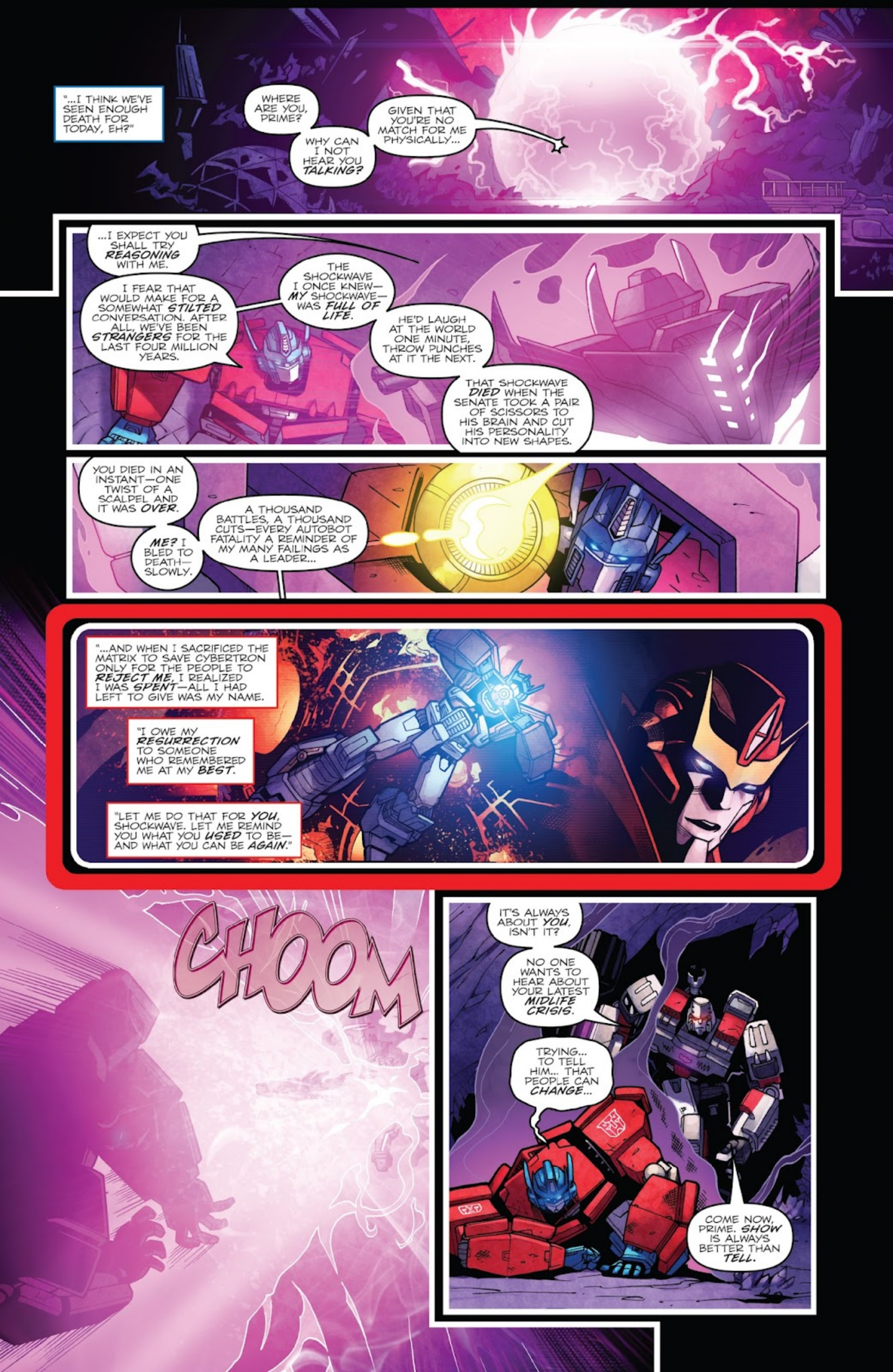
I'VE NEVER SEEN METROPLEX'S BRAIN FLARE UP LIKE THIS. WHAT'S HE SAYING?
HE'S NOT SAYING ANYTHING. HE'S LAUGHING.
LAUGHTER, WINDBLADE? OR HYSTERIA?
IT'S THE LOST LIGHT, DO YOU COPY?
YOU'VE REACHED CHROMIA ON LINE 1. HOW CAN I HELP?

WE'RE ABOUT TO BREAK SOMETHING, AND WE NEED YOU THREE TO PICK OFF THE PIECES.
IS THAT SUPPOSED TO MAKE SENSE?
THE AMMONITES HAVE REALIZED THE GAME'S UP, BUT MONSTRUCTOR HASN'T GOT THE MESSAGE.
WE'RE GONNA DELIVER IT TO HIM... PERSONALLY.
I SHOULDN'T HAVE TO DECRYPT WHAT YOU'RE SAYING! SIMPLE TERMS, YOU MORON!

"WE'RE GOING TO USE THE LOST LIGHT TO SMASH THE BIG MULTICOLORED DECEPTICON INTO SIX LITTLE DECEPTICONS WHICH WE'D LIKE YOU TO BEAT UP."
ABOUT TIME YOU GUYS SHOWED UP...
YOU'VE ALWAYS HAD A KEEN SENSE OF SPATIAL AWARENESS, PROWL.
IF YOU'RE STILL CALLING THE SHOTS IN THERE, DO THE CLEVER THING—

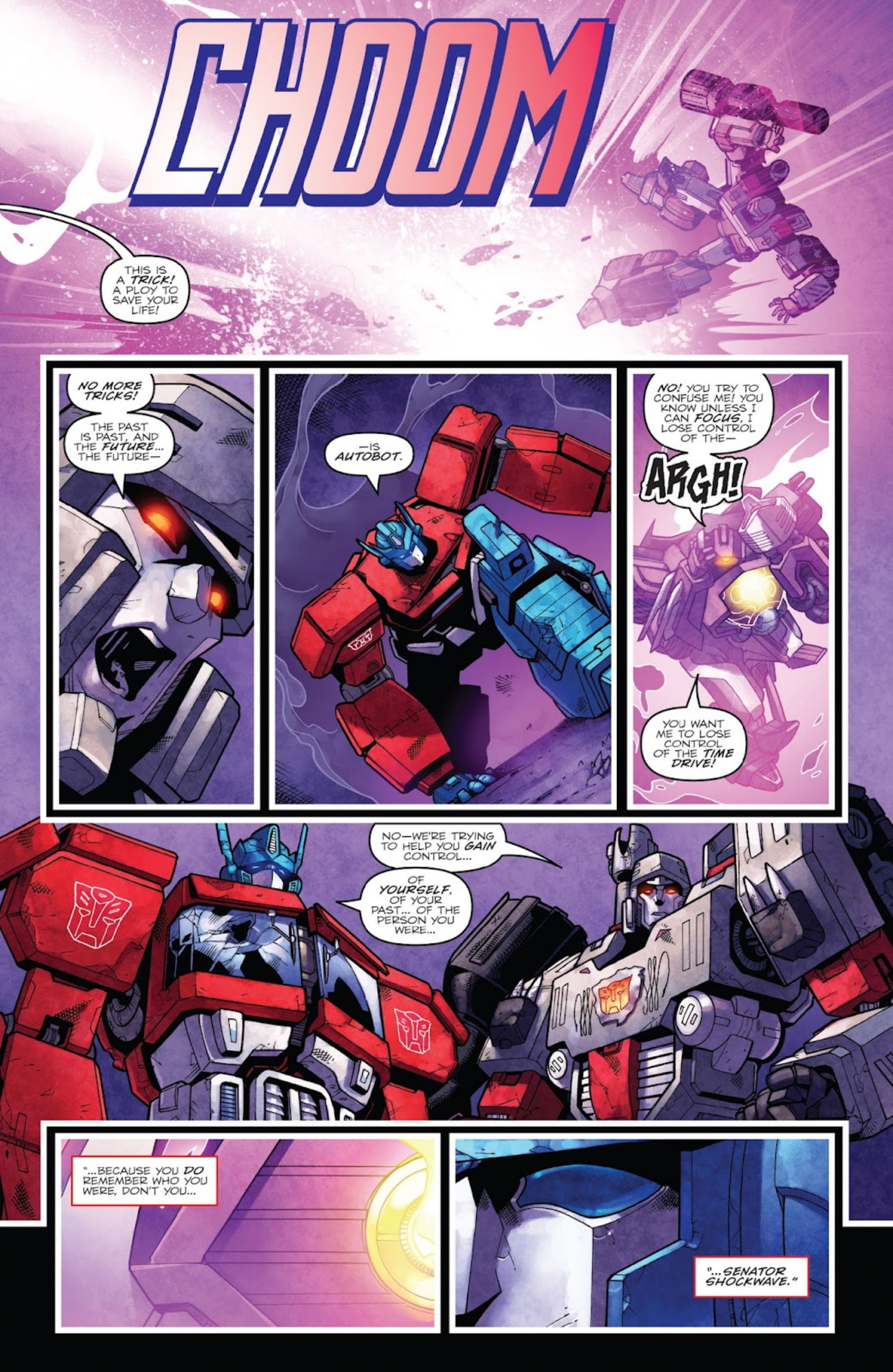
—AND MOVE!
KAKLANG
FIGHTING. CHROMIA DOES IT, SO HOW *HARD* CAN IT BE?
IF YOU WANT SOME POINTERS, *NAUTICA*, LOOK TO YOUR OTHER SISTER-IN-ARMS.
BECAUSE ARCEE'S *NAILING* IT.

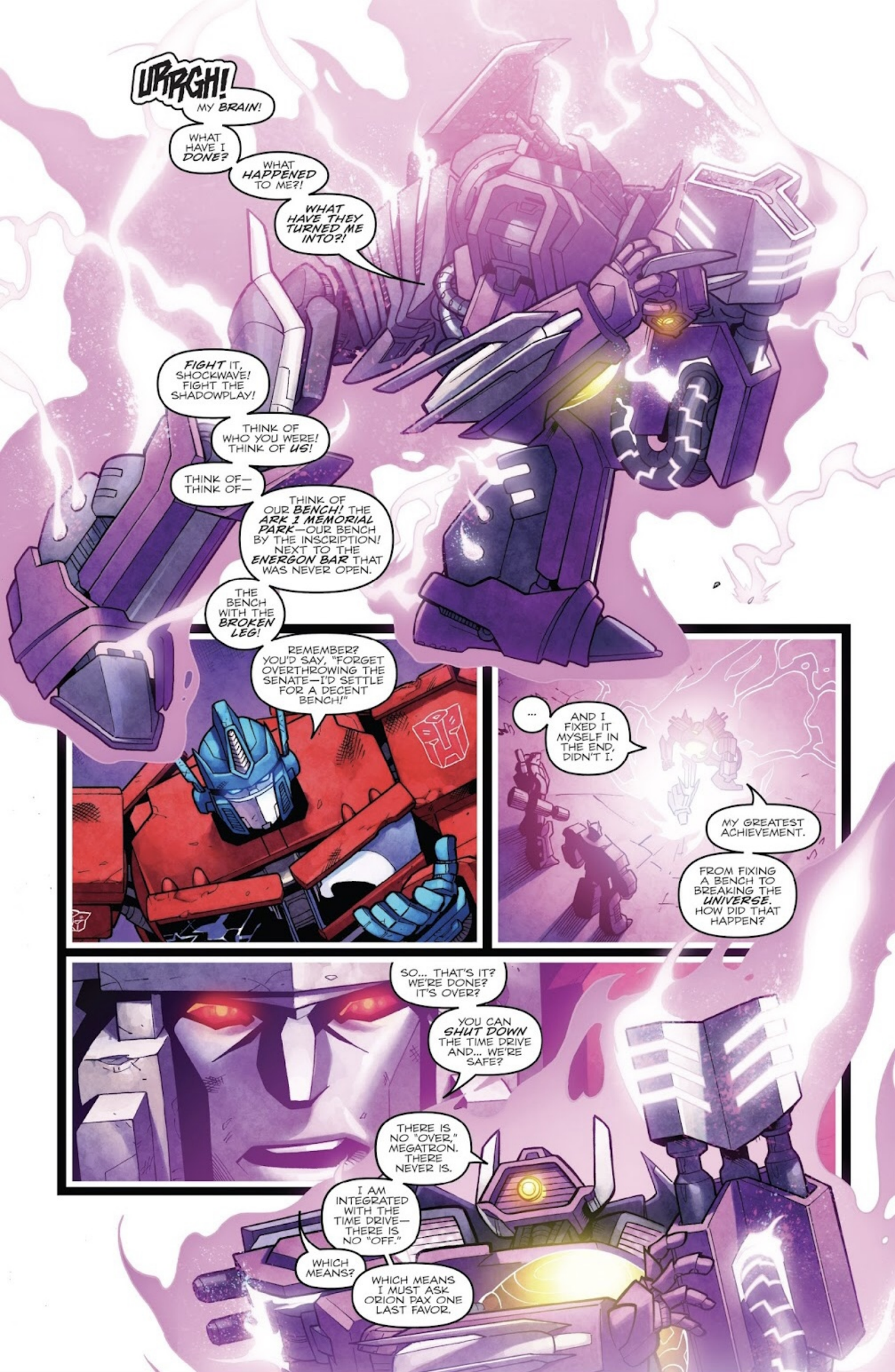
THAT'S THE LOST LIGHT, IS IT? SURE IS A TOUGH OLD BIRD...
TAKES ONE TO KNOW ONE.
YOUR SHIP... WHERE DID YOU GET IT?
I SUPPOSE IT WAS SORT OF A PRESENT. DRIFT GOT IT FOR ME. WHY?
DOESN'T MATTER.
A MYSTERY FOR ANOTHER DAY...
"...ASSUMING THERE IS ONE."
OKAY, CONFESSION TIME: I MAY HAVE OVERSTATED MY EXPERTISE IN THIS AREA.
UNINTENTIONALLY AND UNCHARACTERISTICALLY, THAT MAY BE WHAT I'VE DONE.
MAYBE IT'S THE PRESSURE TO PERFORM, MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE ALL STARING AT ME—
—MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE YOU'RE ASKING ME TO JUGGLE THE FUNDAMENTAL BUILDING BLOCKS OF LIFE AND DEATH—
BUT I'M A TEENSY BIT OVERWHELMED.
HEY, I TOTALLY UNDERSTAND. WHO WOULDN'T BE OVERWHELMED?
WHO WOULDN'T FREEZE UP?
I GUESS THE ONLY PERSON I CAN THINK OF IS PERCEPTOR...
OH, WELL PLAYED, CAPTAIN. WELL PLAYED.
SO ABOUT THIS ANTI-FATALITY DRUG...
COMING RIGHT UP...

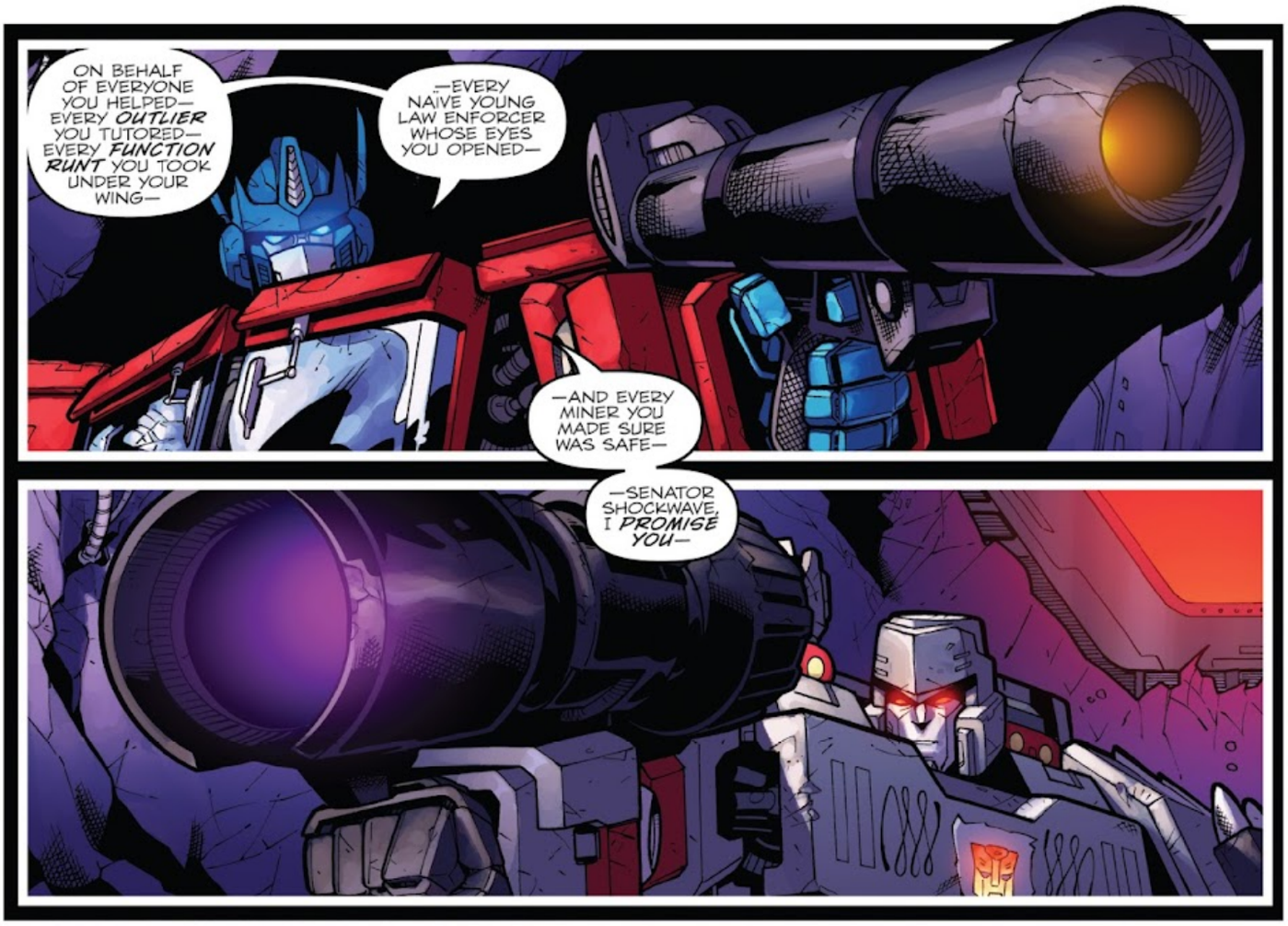

"...I THINK WE'VE SEEN ENOUGH DEATH FOR TODAY, EH?"
WHERE ARE YOU, PRIME?
WHY CAN I NOT HEAR YOU TALKING?
GIVEN THAT YOU'RE NO MATCH FOR ME PHYSICALLY...
...I EXPECT YOU SHALL TRY REASONING WITH ME.
I FEAR THAT WOULD MAKE FOR A SOMEWHAT STILTED CONVERSATION. AFTER ALL, WE'VE BEEN STRANGERS FOR THE LAST FOUR MILLION YEARS.
THE SHOCKWAVE I ONCE KNEW—MY SHOCKWAVE—WAS FULL OF LIFE.
HE'D LAUGH AT THE WORLD ONE MINUTE, THROW PUNCHES AT IT THE NEXT.
THAT SHOCKWAVE DIED WHEN THE SENATE TOOK A PAIR OF SCISSORS TO HIS BRAIN AND CUT HIS PERSONALITY INTO NEW SHAPES.
YOU DIED IN AN INSTANT—ONE TWIST OF A SCALPEL AND IT WAS OVER.
ME? I BLED TO DEATH—SLOWLY.
A THOUSAND BATTLES, A THOUSAND CUTS—EVERY AUTOBOT FATALITY A REMINDER OF MY MANY FAILINGS AS A LEADER...
"...AND WHEN I SACRIFICED THE MATRIX TO SAVE CYBERTRON ONLY FOR THE PEOPLE TO REJECT ME, I REALIZED I WAS SPENT—ALL I HAD LEFT TO GIVE WAS MY NAME.
"I OWE MY RESURRECTION TO SOMEONE WHO REMEMBERED ME AT MY BEST.
"LET ME DO THAT FOR YOU, SHOCKWAVE. LET ME REMIND YOU WHAT YOU USED TO BE—AND WHAT YOU CAN BE AGAIN."
CHOOM
IT'S ALWAYS ABOUT YOU, ISN'T IT?
NO ONE WANTS TO HEAR ABOUT YOUR LATEST MIDLIFE CRISIS.
TRYING... TO TELL HIM... THAT PEOPLE CAN CHANGE...
COME NOW, PRIME. SHOW IS ALWAYS BETTER THAN TELL.

SHOCKWAVE!
YOU HOLD THE UNIVERSE—ALL OF TIME AND SPACE—IN THE PALM OF YOUR HAND.
BUT I'M HOLDING SOMETHING GREATER.
ONCE, THIS SYMBOL REPRESENTED OUR OPPRESSORS—THE CORRUPT PRIMES AND COMPLICIT SENATORS WHO FORCED US TO FOLLOW OUR FUNCTION—TO LIVE AND DIE ACCORDING TO OUR CLASS.
TO SERVE.
YOU STOOD AGAINST THEM—AND IN RETALIATION THEY TWISTED YOU INTO AN UNFEELING, UNCARING... CREATURE.
IT'S TAKEN ME UNTIL NOW TO REALIZE THEY DID EXACTLY THE SAME TO ME—BY LETTING ME DESTROY THEM.
THIS SYMBOL BELONGED TO BUMBLEBEE... TO MY FRIEND, BUMBLEBEE.
HE FOUGHT FOR FREEDOM—AN HONEST FREEDOM—INSPIRED BY A PRIME UNLIKE ANY THAT HAD COME BEFORE.
MY LIFE HAS BEEN DEDICATED TO FIGHTING THIS BADGE... BUT NO MORE. AS OF TODAY I'M A DIFFERENT PERSON.
AND IF I CAN CHANGE...
...SO CAN YOU.

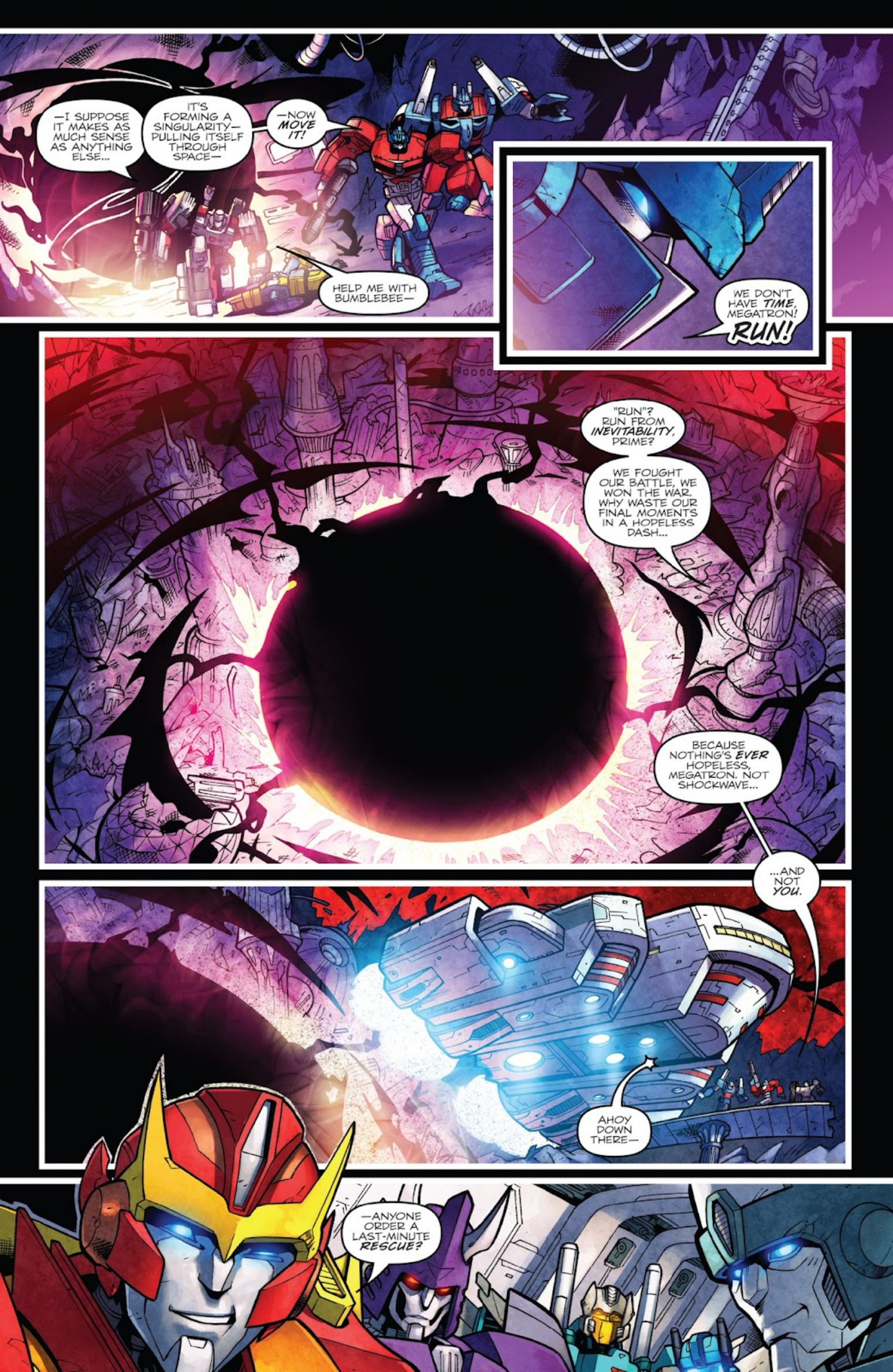
NOW


CHOOM
THIS IS A TRICK! A PLOY TO SAVE YOUR LIFE!
NO MORE TRICKS!
THE PAST IS PAST, AND THE FUTURE... THE FUTURE—
—IS AUTOBOT.
NO! YOU TRY TO CONFUSE ME! YOU KNOW UNLESS I CAN FOCUS, I LOSE CONTROL OF THE—
ARGH!
YOU WANT ME TO LOSE CONTROL OF THE TIME DRIVE!
NO—WE'RE TRYING TO HELP YOU GAIN CONTROL...
OF YOURSELF, OF YOUR PAST... OF THE PERSON YOU WERE...
"...BECAUSE YOU DO REMEMBER WHO YOU WERE, DON'T YOU...
"...SENATOR SHOCKWAVE."


UHRGH!
MY BRAIN!
WHAT HAVE I DONE?
WHAT HAPPENED TO ME?!
WHAT HAVE THEY TURNED ME INTO?!
FIGHT IT, SHOCKWAVE! FIGHT THE SHADOWPLAY!
THINK OF WHO YOU WERE! THINK OF US!
THINK OF— THINK OF—
THINK OF OUR BENCH! THE ARK 1 MEMORIAL PARK—OUR BENCH BY THE INSCRIPTION! NEXT TO THE ENERGON BAR THAT WAS NEVER OPEN.
THE BENCH WITH THE BROKEN LEG!
REMEMBER? YOU'D SAY, "FORGET OVERTHROWING THE SENATE—I'D SETTLE FOR A DECENT BENCH!"
...
AND I FIXED IT MYSELF IN THE END, DIDN'T I.
MY GREATEST ACHIEVEMENT.
FROM FIXING A BENCH TO BREAKING THE UNIVERSE. HOW DID THAT HAPPEN?
SO... THAT'S IT? WE'RE DONE? IT'S OVER?
YOU CAN SHUT DOWN THE TIME DRIVE AND... WE'RE SAFE?
THERE IS NO "OVER," MEGATRON. THERE NEVER IS.
I AM INTEGRATED WITH THE TIME DRIVE— THERE IS NO "OFF."
WHICH MEANS?
WHICH MEANS I MUST ASK ORION PAX ONE LAST FAVOR.

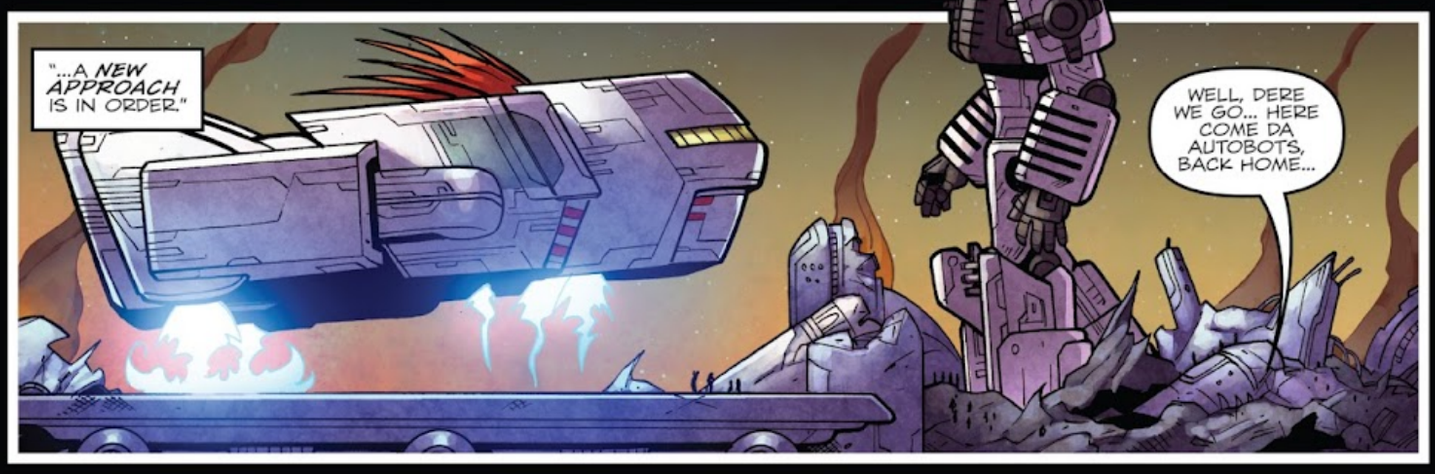

ON BEHALF OF EVERYONE YOU HELPED— EVERY OUTLIER YOU TUTORED— EVERY FUNCTION RUNT YOU TOOK UNDER YOUR WING—
—EVERY NAÏVE YOUNG LAW ENFORCER WHOSE EYES YOU OPENED—
—AND EVERY MINER YOU MADE SURE WAS SAFE—
—SENATOR SHOCKWAVE, I PROMISE YOU—

"—I WILL REMEMBER YOU AS YOU WERE."


—I SUPPOSE IT MAKES AS MUCH SENSE AS ANYTHING ELSE...
IT'S FORMING A SINGULARITY— PULLING ITSELF THROUGH SPACE—
—NOW MOVE IT!
HELP ME WITH BUMBLEBEE—
WE DON'T HAVE TIME, MEGATRON! RUN!
"RUN"? RUN FROM INEVITABILITY, PRIME?
WE FOUGHT OUR BATTLE, WE WON THE WAR. WHY WASTE OUR FINAL MOMENTS IN A HOPELESS DASH...
BECAUSE NOTHING'S EVER HOPELESS, MEGATRON. NOT SHOCKWAVE...
...AND NOT YOU.
AHOY DOWN THERE—
—ANYONE ORDER A LAST-MINUTE RESCUE?

WELL, WHADDAYA KNOW. THE AUTOBOTS SURVIVE.
WHOOPEE.
THEY... THEY ARE NOT ALONE... I CAN SENSE HIM—
—MEGATRON IS ONBOARD THE AUTOBOT FLAGSHIP.
IF HE SAVED THE DAY AGAIN, THE AUTOBOTS HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO HAIL HIM AS A HERO.
THERE... THERE IS SOMETHING ELSE.
I CAN FEEL MEGATRON... HEAR HIM... SEE HIM.
HE IS ONBOARD, BUT HE...
NO.
IT CANNOT BE.
MEGATRON WEARS THE SYMBOL OF THE ENEMY.
HE WEARS THE SIGIL OF THE AUTOBOTS.
AFTER ALL THESE MILLIONS OF YEARS...
...ALL OUR SACRIFICES...
...AND HE DONS THE RAIMENTS OF OUR OPPRESSORS?!
HA!
WELL-SPOKEN, DECEPTICON...

...I HAD HOPED A FIRE STILL BURNED IN SOME OF YOU.
LOOK WHAT I FOUND. CAN WE KEEP HIM?
GALVATRON! WHAT BUSINESS DO—
YOU HAVE FACED THE BRINK AND STOOD FIRM, EVEN WHILE YOUR LEADER BUCKLED AND BETRAYED ALL YOU DIED FOR.
NOW...

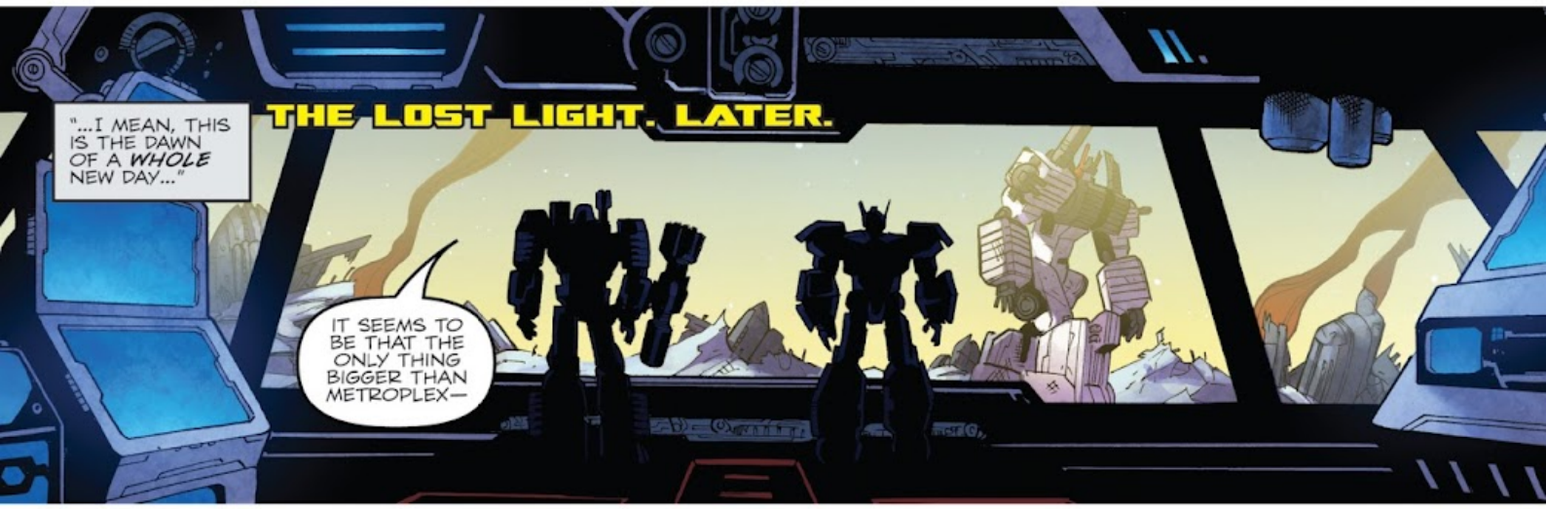

"...A NEW APPROACH IS IN ORDER."
WELL, DERE WE GO... HERE COME DA AUTOBOTS, BACK HOME...

...AN' WHAT A HOME IT IS.
FAST-FORWARD TO THE END, RATTRAP. I'M TIRED.
MAYBE JHIAXUS HAD A POINT—MAYBE YOU DID BRING SOME O' DIS ON YERSELF.
I MEAN, YOU KILLED METALHAWK—DA FIRST TIME—WHEN YOU SEIZED CONTROL...
...DEN YOU LOCKED UP ANYBODY WHAT DISAGREED WIT' YOU AND YOU KICKED OUT EVERYBODY STRONGER.

I GUESS SHOCKWAVE COULDA DONE THIS WITHOUT YA, BUT YA SURE DID GIVE 'IM A GOOD OPPORTUNITY.
KNOWIN' ALL DAT, IT'S GONNA BE HARD TO KEEP CONTROL, IS WHAT I'M GETTIN' AT.
I MEAN, IF IT WASN'T FER METALHAWK SACRIFICING HIMSELF TA SAVE THE WORLD—
ARE YOU KIDDING? METALHAWK MURDERED 70 BILLION SENTIENT BEINGS!

BUT—
THEY HAD NAMES, THEY HAD FRIENDS, THEY HAD DREAMS. BUT TO METALHAWK—THEY WERE JUST NUMBERS.
WHEN YOU THINK ABOUT IT, HE WAS JUST ANOTHER GENOCIDAL DESPOT VYING FOR CONTROL.
AND I GET WHAT YOU'RE PLAYING, RATTRAP.
I INVENTED THE GAME. SO DON'T EVER TRY TO GET INTO MY HEAD.
YOU WOULDN'T LAST FIVE SECONDS THERE.

HOW ABOUT YOU, STARSCREAM?
HOW LONG DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO LAST?
HEY, I'M SURE WE CAN WORK SOMETHING OUT...


"...I MEAN, THIS IS THE DAWN OF A *WHOLE* NEW DAY..."
THE LOST LIGHT. LATER.
IT SEEMS TO BE THAT THE ONLY THING BIGGER THAN METROPLEX—

—IS THE QUESTION YOU'VE *ALMOST BEEN ASKING* SINCE YOU WALKED IN.
WELL?
SPEAK UP. THEY WON'T LET US HIDE IN HERE FOREVER.
ARE YOU *SERIOUS* ABOUT THIS?
BACK THERE, WHEN YOU PUT ON BUMBLEBEE'S BADGE, THE THINGS YOU SAID...

I PROMISE YOU—THIS IS NOT A TRICK.

...
I DON'T KNOW WHETHER THAT MAKES THINGS *MORE* OR *LESS* COMPLICATED.

AND GIVEN THAT THIS MAY BE OUR LAST CONVERSATION FOR A VERY LONG TIME, A QUESTION OF MY OWN:
AFTER ALL SHOCKWAVE *DID*—NOT JUST *NOW*, WITH THE ORES AND NOVA AND THE TITAN, BUT THROUGHOUT THE WAR...

...WERE YOU *REALLY* ABLE TO LOOK BEYOND ALL THAT AND RECOGNIZE HIM AS YOUR FRIEND?
DOES IT MATTER?
IF IT DIDN'T I WOULDN'T ASK.

THEN YOU ALREADY KNOW MY ANSWER.

SO... ARE YOU READY FOR WHAT HAPPENS NEXT?

LET'S FIND OUT.
AND THE DAMAGE DONE
DARK CYBERTRON FINALE

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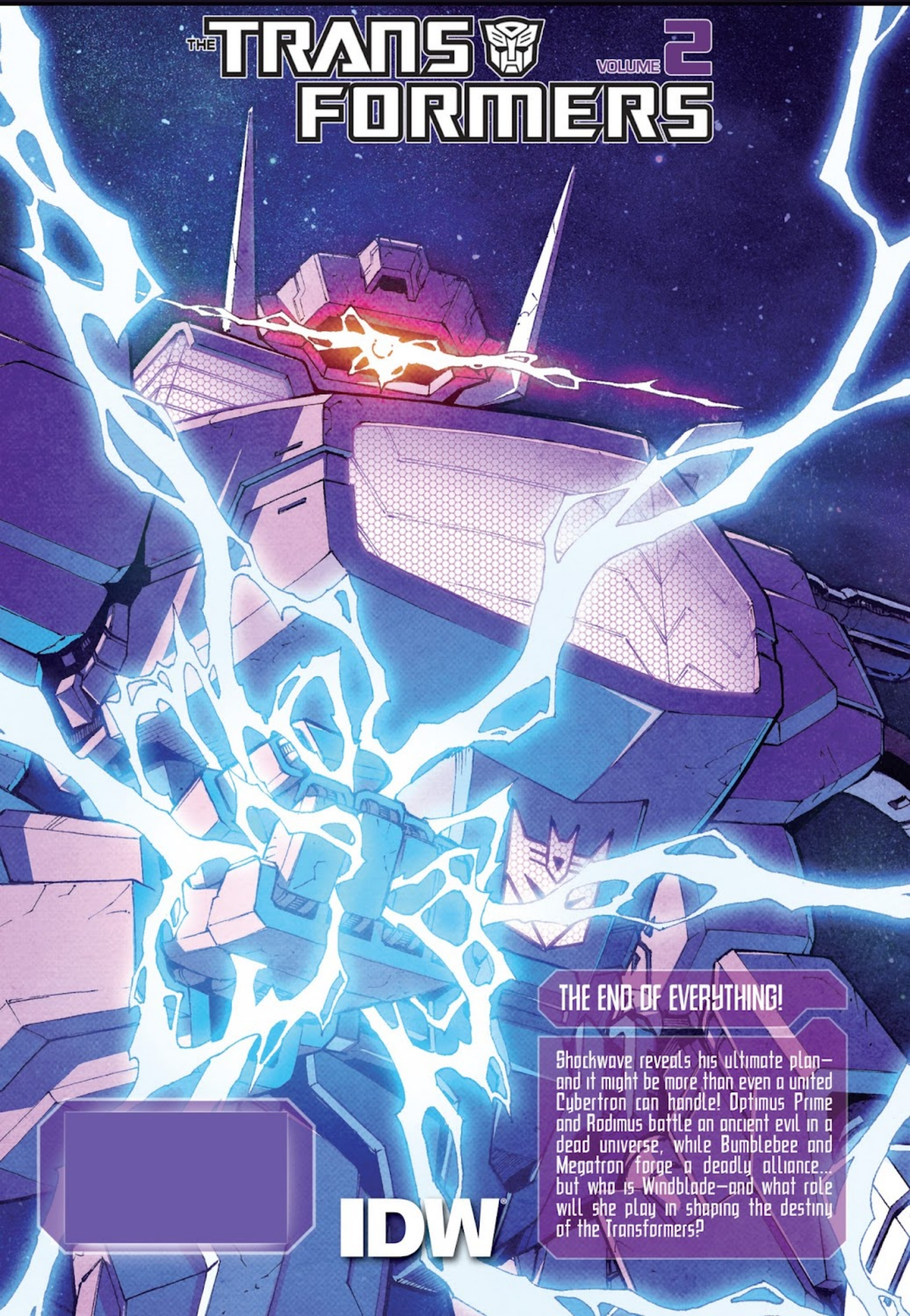
DARK CYBERTRON

THE TRANSFORMERS VOLUME 2



THE END OF EVERYTHING!

Shockwave reveals his ultimate plan—and it might be more than even a united Cybertron can handle! Optimus Prime and Rodimus battle an ancient evil in a dead universe, while Bumblebee and Megatron forge a deadly alliance... but who is Windblade—and what role will she play in shaping the destiny of the Transformers?

IDW